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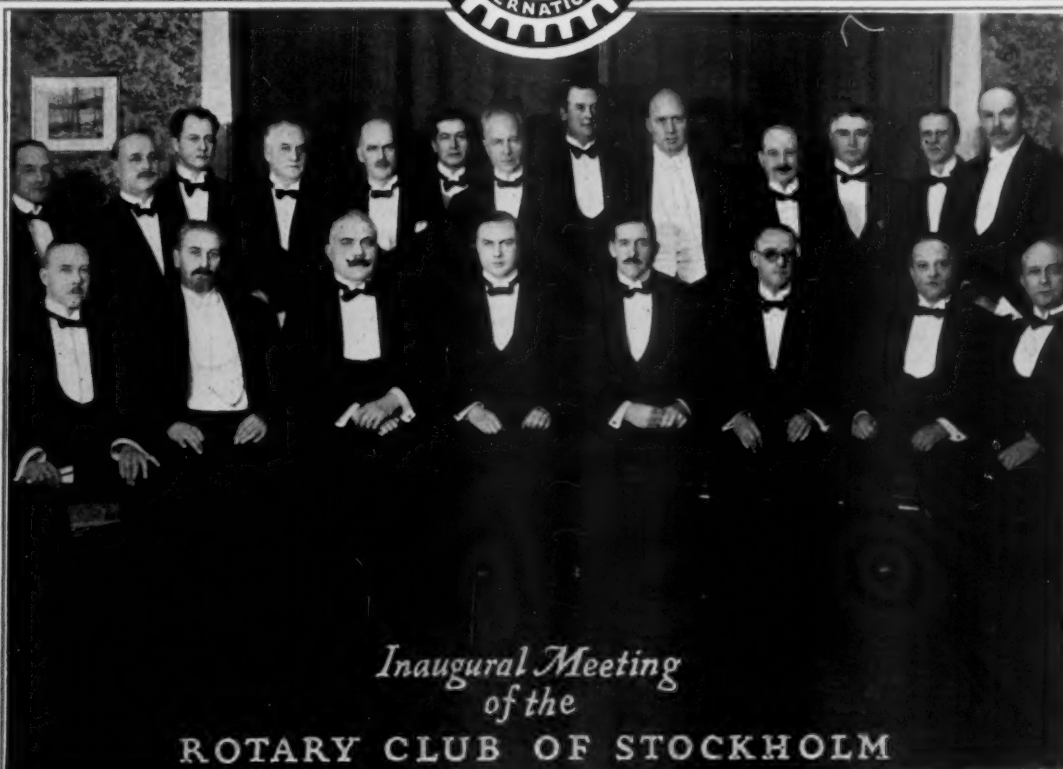
THE
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ROTARIAN

The Magazine of Service

Photograph of the first Rotary Club in Sweden —

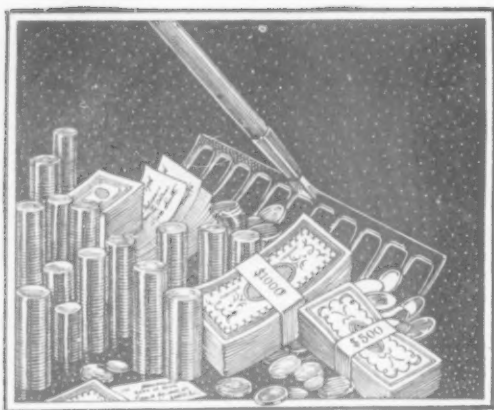
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ONE OF the traveling salesmen for a large Milwaukee dry goods house was suddenly forced to cancel his regular trip because of a broken leg. In the emergency he decided to try Long Distance. From his sick-room he covered in 5 days by telephone the same territory that normally required 5 or 6 weeks of traveling. On checking up he found he had gathered in by Long Distance 90% of his usual business!

FROM businesses of every kind and location come added reports of success in selling by telephone. More and more men and concerns, as the savings become apparent, are using the telephone over states and over the nation as they formerly used it to nearby towns. A long distance call appeals to the busy buyer. It commands the ear of those who would hesitate to see the salesman personally for fear needless time would be consumed. Long Distance is for the busy buyer or seller who must cut expense and make the most of time.

Has your house and have you personally thought of the many hours and dollars the

telephone can save your business? Have you learned the use of long distance calls in conducting your sales campaigns? The telephone is the economical, dependable means with which you and your men can reach any distance for business.

The Commercial Department of your Bell company will gladly make a study of your telephone opportunities. Every day, just as in an emergency, the telephone on your desk will reach distant cities and states as surely and effectively as it connects you with the other side of town. What far-away man or concern would you like to call, now? *Number, please?*

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Suddenly I Broke Away and Held Them Spellbound

As I review that tense dramatic moment when I electrified that meeting, it all seems strange and weird to me. How had I changed so miraculously in three months from a shy, diffident "yes" man to a dynamic vigorous he-man? How had I ever dared give my opinion? Three months before nobody ever knew I held opinions!

ALL my life I had been cursed with a shy, timid, self-conscious nature. With only a grammar school education I could never express ideas in a coherent, self-confident way. But one day my eye fell upon a newspaper article which told about a wonderful free book entitled "How to Work Wonders with Words."—A book that was causing widespread comment from coast to coast—a book that was being read not only by millionaires, but by thousands of others. It discussed men like me and explained how we could overcome our handicaps.

At first I was skeptical. I thought these defects were a part of my natural makeup—that I would never be able to overcome them. But some subtle instinct kept prodding me to send for that free book. I lost no time in sending for it, as I was positively amazed at being able to get cost free a book that made absolutely plain the secrets that most successful men have used to win popularity, distinction, money and success.

As the weeks wore on and I absorbed the principles of this remarkable method, I became conscious of new physical and mental energy, a new feeling of aggressiveness, and a resurrected personal power that I never dreamed I possessed. Then came that day in the general meet-

ing when the president called on the assembled department heads and assistants for suggestions on the proposed new policy.

Three months previously, the forces of indecision, timidity and inability to talk in public would have held me to my seat. But suddenly that new power took possession of me and drove me to my feet. That wonderful 15-minute daily training at home had taught me to forget myself and think only of my subject. Almost automatically the ideas which had heretofore lain dormant in a mental jumble, now issued with a vigor, clearness and enthusiasm that astounded me no less than my boss and associates. And I noticed with silent exultation the rapt, intent look on my audience as my story unfolded itself smoothly and eloquently.

Today the men whom I used to greet deferentially I now meet with an air of cool equality. I am asked to conferences, luncheons, banquets, etc., as a popular after dinner speaker. And my talents are not confined to business matters but have made me an interesting conversationalist at social affairs. I am meeting worth while people, I own a good job, a good home, a good car. I am the happiest man that ever lived.

And I frankly and candidly admit that I owe all of these blessings to that won-

derful little free book "How to Work Wonders with Words." There is no magic, no trick, no mystery about becoming a powerful and convincing talker. You, too, can conquer timidity, stage fright, self-consciousness, and bashfulness, winning advancement in salary, popularity, social standing and success. Thousands have accomplished just such amazing things through this simple, easy, yet effective training.

Send for This Amazing Book

This new method of training is fully described in a very interesting and informative booklet which is now being sent to everyone mailing the coupon below. This book is called "How to Work Wonders with Words." You are told how to bring out and develop your priceless "hidden knack"—the natural gift within you—which will win for you advancement in position and salary, popularity, social standing, power and real success. You can obtain your copy absolutely free by sending the coupon.

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- How to be the master of any situation.

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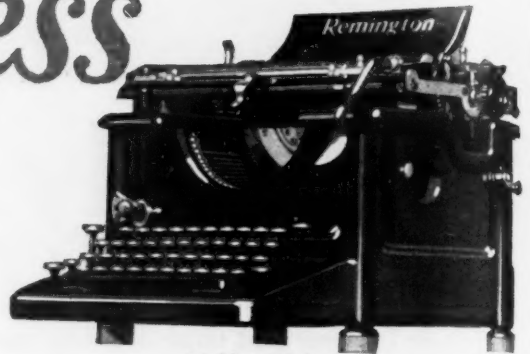


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1876 1926

Fifty years ago at the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia the Model 1 Remington, the first practical typewriter and the ancestor of all present-day writing machines, received its initial public exhibition.



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THE Centennial Exposition of 1876 celebrated the One-Hundredth Anniversary of American Independence. This year another great exposition is to be held at Philadelphia, the *Sesqui-Centennial*, commemorating the One-Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary of the Nation. The Executive Committee of the Sesqui-Centennial Exhibition Association has designated Remington *The Official Typewriter of The Sesqui-Centennial Exposition*.

This means that Remingtons will be used exclusively for all the clerical work of the immense project, the Remington-Noiseless by the executives, the Remington Standard Models and Accounting Machines by the various departments, and the Remington Portable by the traveling representatives.

The fifty years from the Centennial

of 1876 to the Sesqui-Centennial of 1926 cover the entire commercial history of the writing machine. The advent of the first typewriter, the Model 1 Remington, at the Centennial of fifty years ago marked the beginning of a new business era, and the designation of the Remington as the Official Typewriter of the Sesqui-Centennial is signal recognition of its commanding position today as founder and leader of the industry.

The outstanding feature of Remington leadership in this Sesqui-Centennial year is the completeness of the Remington Line—which includes a machine for every purpose. And every one of these machines is the last word in typing efficiency. Let us study your problem and recommend the equipment that will serve you best.



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The ROTARIAN

TITLE REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE
OFFICIAL ORGAN OF ROTARY INTERNATIONAL

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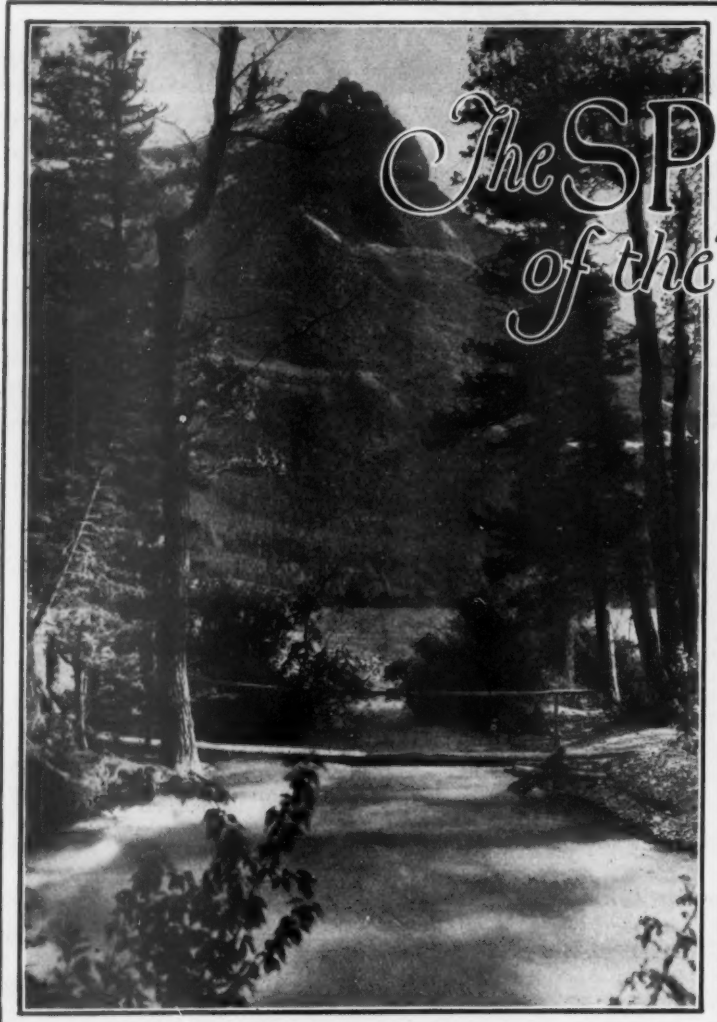
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The SPIRIT of the WEST

By

H. O. Pippin

I AM called the Spirit of the West. I am the Spirit of the "open places." Men hearing my voice, leave town and city to explore the unknown stream and mountain. Where the partridge drums for his mate and where fish leap and flash in the sunlight, there I delight to dwell. I brood over the dead ashes of campfires long since extinguished and where the lonely coyote howls to his mate across the moonlit coulée, there I linger. I am companion for the cowboy on his lonely night vigils with the sleeping herd and I laugh with delight in the dust and shouting of the mad stampede and the roundup. My Spirit is the spirit of the ranch and the branding-iron and I am as free as the unfenced stretches of the range. I speak to the lonely settler and the prairies bloom and flourish; I call to the children and school houses appear on butte and table land; I sing to the world and my people come from the four corners of the earth.

I spread the beauties of Nature at the feet of man and surround him with a cloak of the mysterious and the unknown. Over his head at morning, I gather the mists around the slope of some distant butte or mountain and

when the blue shadows creep at eventide across the waste spaces, tingeing each hill and vale, I paint the western skies with the beauty of my flowers and the glories of the past. I bare the hearts of men before their Creator and strip them of their vanities and deceits. I exalt the spirit of man with the freedom of my domain and chasten him with the swift striking blizzard. I strengthen and temper the souls of men in the fires of my prairies and the blazing heat of my summers. I give to men a new being. I recreate them for the larger things of life and send them forth to do the will of their Creator.

Those who have known my joys, my trials, and my rewards can never be the same: "not a foot has touched my prairies but is longing to return." I strengthen and sustain them in distant cities, they turn to me from far lands and my spirit haunts them in hours of solitude. I am the Spirit of Progress and Freedom, the Spirit of Adventure and Achievement, the Spirit of Conquest and Accomplishment, the Spirit of Manhood and Womanhood, the Spirit of Hospitality and a Square Deal. I am called the Spirit of the West.

This Month's Editorial

Let's Run on Schedule

An Open Letter to All Rotarians

By DONALD A. ADAMS

President of Rotary International

THE success of the Rotary movement depends upon the success of each Rotary Club meeting.

There is one thing that I am convinced of in regard to the conduct of meetings in many Rotary Clubs, and that is we are trying to crowd too much into the program. It is not only unfair to the members of our clubs, but it is frequently an insult to the man who has been invited as a speaker, because he comes prepared to give a certain message and finds himself unable to do so, because the time he should have had has been occupied by others.

There are some notices which have to be given at every meeting, but often at the last moment some chairman of a committee or some member of the club rushes up to the president with a statement that he has something that he just must bring before the attention of the club and it will not take more than a minute or two—and usually it takes from five to ten minutes before his announcement is completed with the result that the program is crowded and everyone is irritated and nervous.

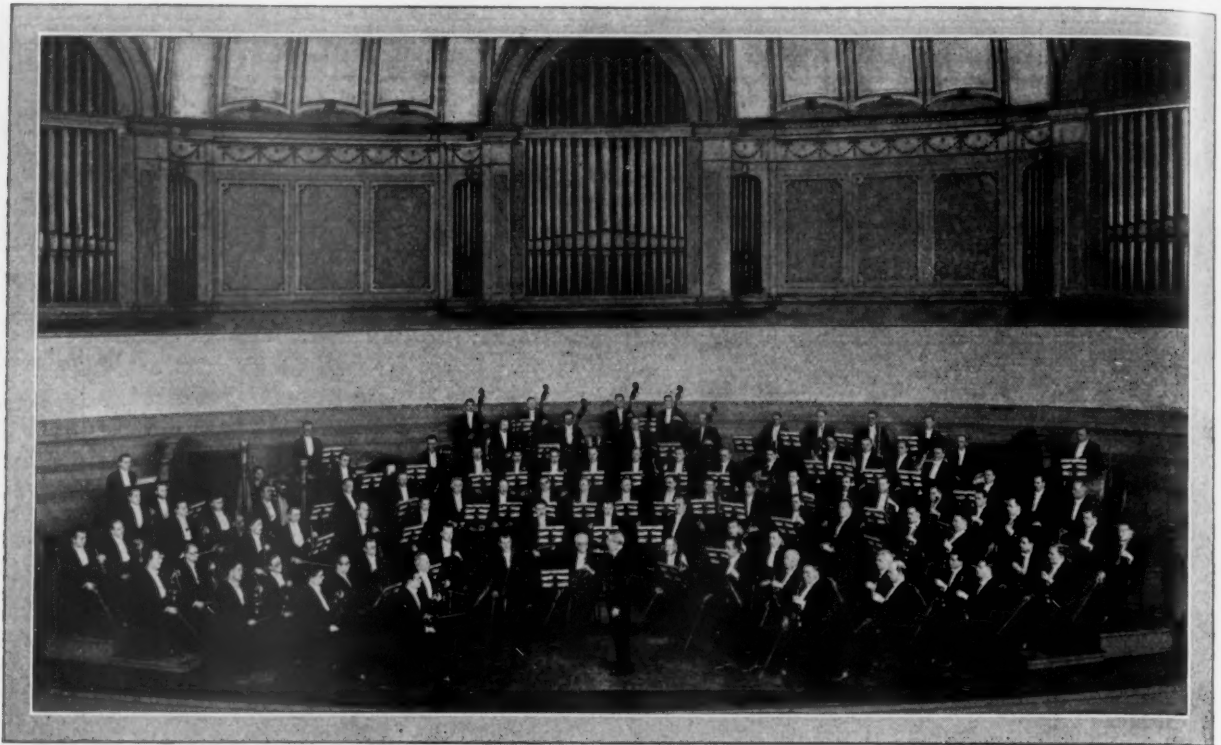
A few days ago I heard one of the past presidents of Rotary International say that if he had a club meeting to run again he would put up a bulletin board and make every member and every committee chairman

place his announcements on the bulletin board and he would call attention to the board and let it go at that.

I once heard of a district governor who was attending a club on his official visit and expected to deliver an address for thirty minutes. A stranger who was in town was introduced by one of the members to say a few words and he took up the entire time, so that when he sat down all the governor did was to get up and bow, say how-do-you-do, and goodbye.

Of course, everybody feels badly over occurrences of this kind and they feel badly when any speaker is compelled to cut his talk shorter than it should be, and the presiding officer feels badly about it, but the answer to the whole proposition, in my mind, is that the presiding officer has the situation solely in his hands and he must be able to say "no" when it comes to some of these requests.

The man responsible for the program ought to make up his program on a carefully prepared schedule and stick to the schedule and not let anything interrupt it, and if a man who is giving a notice or making an extemporaneous talk on some incidental subject runs over the time allotted to him he should be given the gavel. All of us should think about this so that we can make our meetings interesting and instructive and keep the attention of the members.



The Chicago Symphony Orchestra was organized in 1891 by Theodore Thomas and was directed by Mr. Thomas until his death in 1904. The photograph was taken in Orchestra Hall, Chicago, built in 1904 by popular subscription.

The Board of Trade and the Symphony

By Charles Edward Russell

THE real meanings of this plain story of neglected fact seem to hinge first on two questions:

1. Is music or manufacturing the better asset for a community ambitious to thrive?

2. How far are the Stock Yards of Chicago from Tschaikowsky's Fifth Symphony?

Take the second query first. As far apart as any two things can be in this world below, is the easy, obvious answer. As far as the tip of the North Pole from the tip of the South, and farther if one can think of a greater earthly distance. Man never wrought two things more alien; man with his finite mind cannot imagine two harder to reconcile. You say so; I say so. Wrong, all wrong, the lot of us. On December 28, 1925, Tschaikowsky's Fifth Symphony came down to the Chicago Stock Yards, went in, found itself much at home and warmly welcomed,

snuggled down for a time and promised to call again.

Cultural adventuring; the hardy pioneer in the jungle, and all that. Historically, it was more. A new boundary mark had been set on a frontier that for sixty years had been slowly pushing into the wilderness. It was the Chicago Symphony Orchestra that had ventured the invasion. For years it had been giving at Orchestra Hall, downtown, concerts at nominal prices for wage-workers. This season its leader, Frederick Stock, thought that beside bringing workingmen to music he would take music to workingmen, and above all to those that had had the least chance for it. With his whole great organization, ninety players, and against all sage advice, he plunged into the heart of the Stock Yards hinterland, region unexplored but believed to be inaccessible to all phases of art.

The place chosen for the attack was the International Amphitheater, a huge,

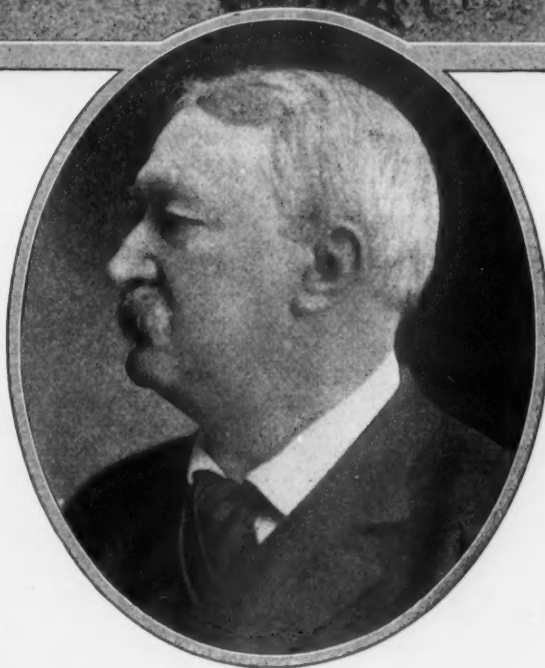
dreary barn, used at other times for fatstock shows. A Chicago tempest enlivened the night, Fat Stock Hall looked cold and forbidding, the cosmopolitan audience timidly gathering there seemed dwarfed in empty space. Then upon this scene unpropitious, the late M. Tschaikowsky came stealing with the second movement of his symphony and from the time the first ten bars of its horn obligato were heard, the Stock Yards surrendered.

They played other things, of course.—Mr. Stock and his men—the overture and march from "Tannhauser," Massenet's "Neapolitan Scenes," and Ambroise Thomas's "Mignon" overture, and so on. But the Tschaikowsky made the hit with the regional folks. Mr. Stock went away beaming.

Three weeks later he came back to the same poor showhouse and played Smetana's "Moldau," Strauss's everlasting "Blue Danube" and parts of "Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream"



The Theodore Thomas Orchestra playing at Gilmore's Garden, New York City, in 1878. This photograph was reproduced from the cover of an old program



In Oval—Theodore Thomas, who popularized classical music in America, establishing symphony orchestras in New York, Chicago, Minneapolis and other American cities.

music. The Stock Yards said he was a good fellow and asked him to return.

No one then present reflected upon the fact, but the concert they had been hearing really began sixty-three years before and between the dates was stretched one long curious line of incessant effort and slow advance. The International Amphitheater of Chicago, built for large cows and prize-winning steers, was fastened that night by certain invisible cords back to the corner of Irving Place and Fifteenth Street, New York City. December 28, 1925, was the child of May 13, 1862, when at old Irving Hall, once famous in metropolitan doings, Theodore Thomas for the first time in his life swung a baton over a grand orchestra and launched himself upon his mission to popularize classical music in America.

It was a job to daunt a superman. In all the land, the grand orchestra was virtually unknown. Only one organization, the old Philharmonic of New York could lay any claim to the title and that by courtesy alone. A band of casual musicians giving on the co-operative plan haphazard concerts to small and puzzled audiences would not now be called an orchestra. The state of the general music taste was de-

scribed by foreign visitors as probably below that of the Esquimaux. A glance at some of the wonder-moving programs of the day seems to justify the verdict. At a really great concert for our best people and in a first-rank hall, whenever such a rare event favored the metropolis, the attractions would include a brass band that played polkas and shoe-string marches, a performer on the banjo, some ladies and gentlemen that sang the ditties of Noah's Ark, maybe a gentleman that danced the pedestal clog. Benign were the fates if there were not actual addition of the bones and the tongs. The only person in the country that seemed to have believed seriously in a redemption from this Egyptian darkness was the young man swinging the baton that

night in Irving Hall. From his boyhood he had been traveling the United States and all parts of it, sometimes on foot, sometimes on horseback. He believed that behind the popular appetite for musical bosh lay undeveloped a capacity for the serious and the worthy. He had been an infant phenomenon, a boy violinist, and then an itinerant virtuoso. If anybody knew the musical public it was he.

For the next forty years he devoted his life to the vindication of his faith. Few men have won so much triumph. When he laid down his baton for the last time he had seen grand orchestras firmly established in eight American cities where he had planted the seed and with his own hand wrought to make it grow. If he had lived twenty years longer he would have seen every considerable city in America maintaining its own orchestra or its own regular orchestral season, orchestral music became a national possession and the development of the grand orchestra the one artistic interest wherein his country had risen to an acknowledged distinction. Cities like Cleveland, Minneapolis, Denver, Seattle, Los Angeles, that when Mr. Thomas began were scarcely on any map, have now orchestras to be ranked among the best in

the world. Detroit, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Boston, Philadelphia, support magnificent organizations. One man's faith and persistence were never better vindicated. Theodore Thomas was three times ruined before he saw the beginning of the fulfillment of his hopes and a nation becoming familiar with a vast range and field of art to which it had been oblivious. But even Theodore Thomas never thought of playing Tchaikowsky's Fifth Symphony in the Chicago Stock Yards.

THE two programs should be put side by side, Thomas at Irving Hall, 1862; Frederick Stock at the Chicago Stock Yards, 1925. You will see cultural progress in these United States of America, if you will make that comparison. It is plain that Mr. Thomas in making his selections artfully calculated the musical development of the people he had undertaken to tutor. Singing they could hear with patience—if it were simple. Had not Jenny Lind sung at Castle Garden? It was instrumental music of which they were gun-shy. So he made up that program and hundreds of others that followed it by providing a stream of vocal and solo music and stealthily floating upon it the unobtrusive raft of his real object. People came to hear some one sing an air from a light opera. They remained to have Beethoven insidiously smuggled in upon them. In the course of time they discovered that they liked Beethoven better than fandango. Then Mr. Thomas must have hugged himself. He had won the first point.

His Irving Hall program included a hymn by a choral society, an aria from Verdi and one from Rossini, a piano fantasia, music from Meyerbeer and Moscheles, and then the thin front of the classical wedge, which was the first performance in America of the overture to "The Flying Dutchman."

When Mr. Stock went to the Stock Yards he played an instrumental program throughout, and music that in Irving Hall, A. D. 1862, would have caused a riot.

When Mr. Thomas began his regular sea-

sons in New York they consisted of five concerts over a period from December to April. The Chicago Symphony Orchestra, which he founded and for fourteen years directed, plays annually a regular season, two concerts a week, for twenty-eight weeks.

But having settled that in these days Tchaikowsky and the Chicago Stock Yards may meet without quarreling, go back to the first question with which we started about the relative advantages of Music and Manufacturing for a booming city. Americans are believed to be an eminently practical people. Some doubt about a just basis for this belief persists among those that watch us closely, but our own faith in it is supreme and sublime. What then have been the plainly practical results of the campaign to make us musical? Take the story of Chicago as an answer. Mr. Thomas founded his orchestra there thirty-five years ago. Its mere existence has made the city one of the world's conspicuous centers of musical art. This is the truth, however, the uninformed may sniff. Chicago of the unfragrant Stock Yards and frightful packing-houses is so well known and so highly esteemed in the musical world

that pupils have come from abroad to study in its thronged conservatories. No judicious student of music has any disposition to sniff at the Chicago Opera Company. Nor at the famous Ravinia Summer Opera organization. Is it nothing in a practical way to have redeemed a city from the reproach of barbarism and silenced the jests about the packers of pork? The Chicago Symphony orchestra has done all this and more. It has drawn thousands upon thousands of students to Chicago for their musical instruction. It has made business; it has helped merit and to put Chicago-made musical instruments around the world. I have seen them in New South Wales and the remote corners of Russia.

I PICK up here the elaborate Program Notes, issued for each concert by the Chicago Orchestra, a booklet, excellently designed, studiously made, and turning over its pages I count the advertisements of forty-seven musical conservatories, colleges, schools, academies, instructors, music specialists. Some are among the most famous in America, some are great institutions with hundreds of pupils. The orchestra did the

greater part of this. It created the taste, it opened the doors, it brought hordes of young people to adopt careers in music; it gave them at once the inspiration, the ideal, the standard. It has worked a revolution. On a Saturday you can see hundreds of young people converging from all the regions of the city down to the Loop, where the music schools are situated, coming with their instruments under their arms. All day resound the echoes of these places. The elevated railroad roars and rumbles, the trucks bang over the pavements, practical Chicago flings itself thunderously upon the marketplace; serenely above all the clamor rise incessant streams of melody. The mixture may be admitted to be strange, but there it is, and the orchestra made possible what joy and what blessing are in it.

If a new factory brings in hundreds of workers, a musical center brings in hundreds



FREDERICK STOCK
Director of Chicago Symphony Orchestra

(Continued on page 76)



Photo: Denver Tourist Bureau

This inspiring prospect greets those who stand on the steps of Colorado's Capitol and look out across the lawns of the Civic Center towards Mount Evans

“What's on the Program?”

By Allen Street

Chairman of the Convention Committee

THE secret of magnetic attraction is revealed by the opposite electrical charges found on the particles which attract and on those which respond. The inducement that brings men from all over the world to a Rotary convention is not so very much different. They go thither in search of new experience, new acquaintance, new appreciation—in short, something radically different from their day-by-day career. Whatever they have found good in Rotary at home, they expect to find greatly intensified at the convention—so much so that it will seem like something new—even if it is as old as humanity. The task of a Convention Committee is to furnish these “different” things—transportation does the rest.

While an American Rotarian reads these lines, many Australians are well on the way to Denver. They are coming because their faith in Rotary, plus their experience of Rotary, tells them that four or five days at the Convention and the additional pleasure derived from travel abroad will be compensation enough for the time, money, and

effort involved. Other groups will come from Europe, Asia, and Africa drawn by similar considerations.

Evidently then your Committee has no light responsibility, and if, with careful planning and out of numerous suggestions, we extract sufficient of the most feasible to build an intensive and valuable program for five days, we may have accomplished something worth while for Rotary.

The program is not officially adopted until the convention gets under way. But by subjecting it to careful scrutiny in advance—doing this—rearranging that—deleting the other—we can have something which is *likely* to meet with approval. Preparing even a tentative program involves arrangements with thirty to fifty speakers representing many different races. It means a multitude of arrangements for physical comfort of the delegates. It means preparations for one or two spectacles of Hippodrome calibre; a grand ball; twenty or thirty special assemblies; besides the purely administrative work carried on in the Convention hall. Practically all this must be done in

advance so that the risk of last-minute hitches may be reduced to the minimum.

Obviously all this volume of work is not done by the personnel of the Convention Committee. Many other committees are enlisted and much professional assistance is necessary to tackle such a task. But it is at the door of the Convention Committee that all suggestions, all reports, all “kicks” are eventually laid; and the Committee's responsibility is assumed to extend to anything that happens in the city during “convention week.”

What has been done so far?

The Convention Committee has laid out the program along these lines:

Monday Night—Band concert and singing at Denver University Stadium; address of welcome by Ralph Mayo, president of Denver Rotary; response by Charles Rhodes of Auckland, N. Z.; assembly convened by President Donald A. Adams, message from Paul Harris, President Emeritus; pageant of nations.

Tuesday Morning—Presentation of official program, election announce-



Photo: Denver Tourist Bureau

The brilliant lighting of Denver's municipal auditorium—where the Sessions of the Convention will be held—makes it easy for the stranger to recognize this rallying point for civic enterprise.

Mrs. Charles C. Gates is chairman of the Ladies Committee of Denver Rotary. She and her colleagues are very anxious to meet visiting Rotary Anns, and they believe that "a smile is the same in any language."



ments, presentation of General Officers; memorial to departed members; reports of Secretary and Treasurer; presentation of official matters; address by President Adams.

Tuesday Afternoon—Luncheons; special assemblies to discuss club-administration problems; other group meetings.

Wednesday Morning—Meeting of Canadian delegates; preliminary reports of Registration and Credentials Committees; nominations for office; address by Charles White, President of R.I.B.I., on "Rotary's Conception of Worth-while Business"; address by George O. Relf, chairman of the Business Methods Committee, on "Are Standards Necessary?"; address "The Individual Application of Rotary's Ideal to Personal and Business Life," by Jay William Hudson, American philosopher; address on Boy's Work by a widely-known speaker; and an address on "International Goodwill" by Past President Crawford McCullough.

Wednesday Afternoon—Special assemblies and group meetings to discuss Business Methods, Boy's Work, Rotary Education, Crippled Children, Classifications, Urban and Rural Acquaintance.

Wednesday Night—President's Ball at the Denver Auditorium.

Thursday Morning—Election; address by Giorgio Mylius, Governor of the 46th District (Italy) on "Serving Society Through Your Vocation"; addresses on "Classification" by I. B. Sutton, Governor of the Third District (Mexico), and John Symes, chairman of the International Committee; ad-

resses on "The Value of Service" by Horace Dunbar of Los Angeles, and "The Ethics of International Trade" by Director T. C. Thomsen (Denmark); following these an address on "Developing the Individual" by Sir Henry Braddon, Rotary's Special Commissioner for Australia.

Thursday Afternoon—District Governors' luncheon; rodeo at Overland Park; international fellowship banquet.

Friday Morning—Reports of Extension and Resolutions Committees; address on "Fellowship in Action" by Fred Van Amburgh, editor of "The Silent Partner"; reports of Credentials, Registration, and Trophy Committees; installation of officers.

MANY of the incidental features of Rotary conventions have been omitted from this sketch so as to emphasize major events. The singing, invocations, etc., will not be omitted from the program, however, and features will be added until every minute of the convention period will have its significance. But even a full catalog of events would not convey the spirit of that program—any more than a timetable gives a good picture of the Twentieth Century Limited roaring through the night. Here are a few random thoughts which will help you to realize what is in store:

Denver is a city of 300,000 population in the midst of America's Switzerland. The city itself is a mile high, but an hour's ride will take you to the summit of Lookout Mountain, from

which you can see Pike's Peak, eighty-five miles to the south, and Long's Peak, an equal distance to the north. Both of these peaks are more than 14,000 feet high and there are many ranges of lesser peaks.

The government weather bureau reports the average June temperature for the last five years as 68 degrees, and the average sunshine as 314 hours per month. You see the possibilities not only for a convention but for a great outdoor picnic?

The stadium where the opening pageant will be staged has a seating capacity of 22,000—and amongst other things you are promised the greatest electrical display ever given in Denver.

Special entertainment will be arranged for Tuesday night at the Auditorium—a stunt night or a musicale; the details are still to be worked out.

The President's Ball will start at
(Continued on page 54)



"I doesn't want to take you' money. I am not no spohtin' gamblin' man."

Rotary Color

By J. Frank Davis

Illustrations by H. Weston Taylor

ALMANZAR EVARTS, free, dark bronze, stalwart, and twenty-four, came white-coated from the kitchen to set vegetables beside the roast duck on the Farnsworths' dinner table, and as he produced the final serving-spoon the telephone rang.

Mr. and Mrs. Farnsworth heard him say "Hello" in his normal voice, and then shift to his most carefully cultivated imitation of Mr. Farnsworth's social manner, thereby demonstrating that he was addressing some member of his own race whom he desired either to impress or patronize.

"This is him, speakin'," he said. "I am superintendin' the servin' of dinner. Can you say it quick, or will you call me a little later?"

The person at the other end of the wire took the option, obviously, of trying to say it quick. There was a brief wait while Almanzar listened, and then he replied:

"No. . . No, Brother Brown, I says

no. The party you names will never do foh Grand Orator—never a-tall."

Brother Brown evidently asked why.

"Because," Almanzar said, "in the first place he ain't a proper an' polished speaker. When that Brother Stupps goes to make a speech, eve'y time he opens his mouth he busts a verb."

This seemingly meant little to Brother Brown, who wished to argue.

"An' secondly," Almanzar said after listening, and his accent showed that here was an unanswerable argument why Brother Stupps was utterly unfitted to fill the position of Grand Orator, "he ain't got no white vest."

After another moment Almanzar declared, very positively: "Nossuh, Brother Brown. Nossuh. As Soopreme Grand King, I cannot consent." The briefest pause, and he said: "Well,

maybe I ain't, but I will be after the election tonight, won't I? I got to go, now. I got to superintend the waitin' on table. See you later at the meetin'. Goo'bye."

As the servant came back into the dining-room Mr. Farnsworth asked: "What's the name of your lodge, Almanzar?"

"Fraternal Commanders an' Ladies," Almanzar told him, as shortly as was consistent with entire politeness. If he had been asked the same question by a negro he would have replied, unctuously, "The United and Amalgamated Order of Benevolent Commanders and Ladies," but purely colored folks' business is not to be discussed freely with even the best of white friends.

"And you're going to be Grand Supreme King," Mr. Farnsworth said pleasantly. "Is that the highest office in the lodge?"

"Nossuh," Almanzar replied. "Third from the top."

He was leaving the room, bound



"When I caught him he was carefully storing it in the sideboard."

kitchenward, when Mr. Farnsworth thought of something to say that might explain the grin he had been unable entirely to control.

"Mr. Raynor, the steward at the San Sebastian, phoned me today about you," he told the house-boy.

Almanzar turned back and beamed. "Yassuh," he said, and Mrs. Farnsworth remarked to her husband. "I hope you didn't tell him how trifling Almanzar usually is," a speech that Almanzar took for the jest it was, as also Mr. Farnsworth's reply: "Well, I couldn't say much that was good about him, naturally, but I didn't say anything worse than my conscience obliged me to."

"Yassuh," grinned Almanzar. "Mistuh Raynor done give me the job. I'm goin' to be an extra waiter there while you an' Miz Fahnswo'th are away. Ten weeks is goin' to seem a long time, Mistuh Fahnswo'th. Where'd you tell me you-all goin' to be after that Rotarial Convention, please suh?"

"Up in New England," his employer said. "Mrs. Farnsworth will give you the address before we go." Whimsical impulse caused him to add: "I won't be

here to see you do it, but if you're an extra waiter at the San Sebastian you'll probably be serving at the Rotary luncheons. Don't forget the Rotary motto."

"Nossuh," Almanzar said, and went out. When he came back to clear away the meat course and bring the dessert he inquired, as he placed pudding before Mrs. Farnsworth: "What is that motto, please suh, Mistuh Fahnswo'th?"

"He profits most who serves best," Mr. Farnsworth said.

"Yassuh," Almanzar agreed. Sho'ly eve'y waiter ought to know that."

"And there's another one: 'Service above self.' Trying to explain exactly what that means is what the speech is about that I'm going to make at the International Convention."

"Yassuh," smiled Almanzar, proud of any prominence of his white folks. "That'll be a ve'y

good speech, sho'ly, Mistuh Fahnswo'th." He departed to the kitchen and they heard him singing to himself as he began to wash the dishes.

"'Approbation from Sir Hubert—'" quoted Mrs. Farnsworth.

"Not merely 'Sir Hubert,'" her husband laughed. "'Grand Supreme King.' I'd give ten dollars to watch that lodge of his at work for ten minutes."

AT breakfast, the beginning of what was bound to be a strenuous day because they were to get the house closed for the summer and leave for the convention at night, Mr. Farnsworth looked up from his newspaper as Almanzar brought him his second cup of coffee and said, smiling:

"It's Grand Supreme King now, eh?" Almanzar did not smile.

"Nossuh," he said. "I done decide not to be any officer whatever in that lodge. They ain't choosey enough. . . Will you have a li'l more coffee, Miz Fahnswo'th?"

"You know I never take two," she replied.

"Yassum," he agreed, and made a very rapid exit.

"Doesn't want to discuss it," Mr.

Farnsworth murmured. "Somebody defeated him. I hope it wasn't the brother who busts his verbs."

Which—although the Farnsworths would never know this—was precisely who it was. Brother Gideon Stupps, willing to be merely Grand Orator, had swollen with indignation when Brother Brown reported to him that Brother Evarts would not agree to his presence on the slate, and had set out forthwith to show Brother Evarts where to get off. Almanzar, confident of election, had not only failed to do essential last-moment log-rolling, but had arrived at the lodgeroom barely in time to hear the fall of the presiding officer's gavel and his sonorous declaration: "This yer lodge is about to be opened. The outer po'tal an' the inner po'tal will be duly closed. Any brother or sister who is onfinancial will leave the room."

Not until the moment arrived for nominations and balloting did Almanzar learn, with pained amazement, that Brother Stupps, assuming the offensive, had taken the war into the enemy's country by deciding to run for Grand Supreme King himself instead of Grand Orator—and had got away with it. And by no means the least depressing feature of this surprising and unhappy occurrence was the presence in the lodge of Sister Maurine Clickett, aged twenty-two, who had a *café au lait* complexion and soulful eyes.

Sister Clickett had been Almanzar's fiancée for nearly a month. He had stolen her from Gideon Stupps, and there had never been a moment of the time since she had been his that he had not feared Gideon's incessant efforts to steal her back again. Gideon was short and fat and very black and bullet-headed, his fancy in waistcoats was positively outrageous, and he professed no superior polish of either manner or speech, but he frequently had cash to spend in such sums as Almanzar could only dream of, for while his vocation was that of waiter at the San Sebastian Hotel, his avocation was craps-shooting.

Almanzar was leading tenor at the African M. E. Zion Church, neither drank liquor nor gambled, and had few contacts with other boys who did. But Maurine was not the first of his girls—he had possessed many—whose affections he had been hard put to it to retain against the attractions of wealth. He well appreciated that his success in winning her and holding her this long was due in no small degree to his good looks, stylish raiment and winning ways, but he believed it also could be partly credited to his prominence in church and lodge—and now Gideon had kicked one of these props of eminence out from under him.

As he looked across at Maurine just

after that astonishing vote was announced, he noted, with gulping throat, that she, who should have been looking back at him with regret in her expressive eyes, was smiling benignly upon the triumphantly grinning Gideon.

Almanzar crossed the room hastily the moment the lodge closed and accosted her.

"How 'bout hurryin' over to the Gaines Palace an' see what's left of the last-run picture?" he proposed. This was sheer extravagance such as ought to fascinate any lady; only the very well-to-do would normally spend their money for seats at Gaines' Palace Theatre For Colored when not more than half the final run of the evening remained to be seen. But, even as he spoke, Almanzar realized that Maurine hardly heard him. She was smiling warmly, but the smile was directed past his shoulder, and he knew upon whom she was beaming before he turned his head.

"I was studyin' to have a li'l talk with you, Maurine, ef'n it was convenient," Gideon Stupps said, taking the chance that he had read her smile aright. "S'pose us goes an' gets some ice cream or sump'm."

He feigned now to see Almanzar for the first time. "Lo, 'Manzar," he said. "Some li'l election, boy!" His grin became exceptionally glistening. "I don't need me no white vest as Soopreme Grand King, but ef'n I should, I ain't like the feller that cain't get one."

Maurine's giggle advised Almanzar that his telephonic conversation with Brother Brown had been widely reported. He was goaded into foolish speech.

"Really," he said, "I am vey glad you got that office, Brother Stupps. I been gettin' tired of the activities of this lodge foh some time." A pleasing long word that he had once heard from Mr. Farnsworth's

lips came to his mind, and he affected boredom as he used it. "I got greater an' mo' diversified int'rests."

"Like which?" grinned Gideon, who obviously believed precisely so much of this statement as was true.

"Another organization," Almanzar informed him loftily. "Of which the present plans is foh me to be the head officer." He decided he had better qualify this: "If I finds I has time," he added.

"Ain't no other lodge that you belongs to," Gideon retorted skeptically. "Ain't no other lodge got election comin' soon, anyway."

"This organization I am speakin' of," Almanzar said with much dignity, "is one I am about to organize my ownself."

Gideon Stupps saw in Maurine's eyes a glint of admiration as she wondered

if perchance this were true, and set out to prove it wasn't in the easiest way he knew.

"Betchuh money you cain't get it goin'!" he dared Almanzar. "Betchuh money you is jes' shootin' off you' mouth! Betchuh ten dollars!"

He demonstrated that fortune had recently been kind to him by pulling out a roll of bills that contained twice as much as ten dollars.

Almanzar spoke with virtuous superiority.

"I doesn't want to take you' money. I am not no spohtin' gamblin' man."

"Was bluffin', an' I called you," declared Gideon, and Maurine laughed. That laugh dissipated such wisdom as Almanzar had. He could not allow Gideon to make a monkey of him before Maurine, and Mrs. Farnsworth, only that afternoon, had paid him a

month in advance for the yard work he was to do at the Farnsworth home while his employers were away.

"Was bluffin', was I?" he exclaimed, "I'll betchuh! Betchuh I get it organize' in less'n a month."

Gideon whipped off bills from the roll and raised his voice to attract the attention of witnesses.

"Organized in one month an' you gwine be elected the head presidin' officer!" he cried. "Put up you' ten dollars, cullud man, an' the sensation is on!"

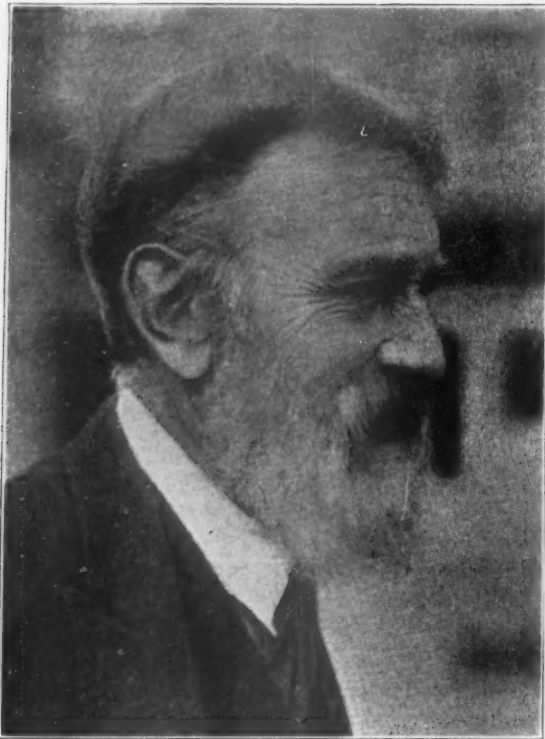
So, under Maurine's eye and the eyes of many other brethren and sisters of the lodge, Almanzar, to whom ten dollars was a great sum of money, agreed upon Orange Hamilton, the pompous elderly treasurer of the lodge, as stakeholder, and put it up.

And then, to his chagrin, Maurine, although she spoke to him pleasantly as she went, departed with Gideon Stupps.

He had lost her. Too many times in
(Cont'd on page 63)



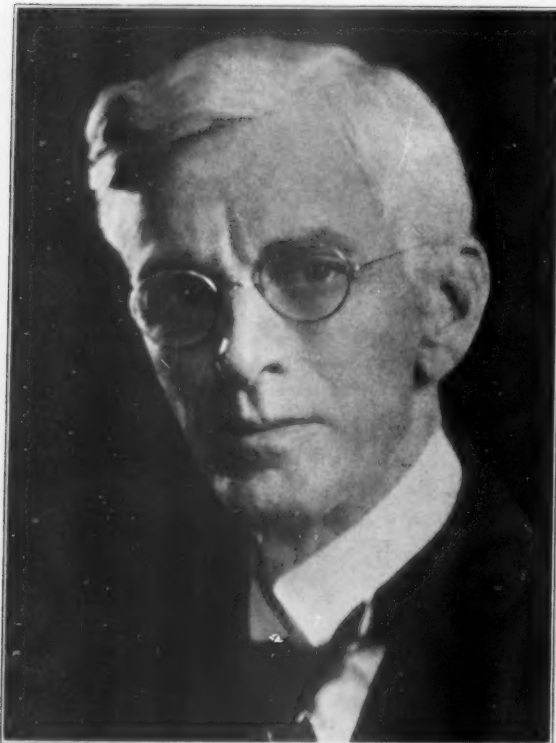
"Why—why—why, Mistuh McFarlane," stammered Gideon, "don't say that please, suh. I been wukkin' in this hotel mos' two years."



EDOUARD WILLEMS, Ph.D., Brussels



DR. CHARLES S. MacFARLAND, N. Y. City



E. H. LINDLEY, Lawrence, Kansas



MARTIN L. DAVEY, Kent, Ohio

ROTARIANS IN THE PUBLIC EYE

Edouard Willems, Ph.D., is secretary of the University Foundation at Brussels and president of the Rotary Club of that city. The Foundation was launched by Herbert Hoover and is the headquarters of visiting teachers; it is also the medium for an exchange of Belgian and American students.

Dr. Charles S. MacFarland, of New York, has been General Secretary of the Federal Council of Churches for fifteen years. The organization represents twenty-eight denominations and 125,000 churches. Dr. Mac-

Farland has been honored by many societies of learning and universities; more recently honored by membership in the International Religious Psychology Society of Vienna.

Chancellor E. H. Lindley, of the University of Kansas, was one of three university presidents chosen to select three trustees to administer the estate of William Rockhill Nelson, founder (in 1880) and owner of the Kansas City Star. Chancellor Lindley stated: "We have sought in our deliberations to protect the standards and ideals of a great

newspaper, and at the same time provide for the fulfillment of Mr. Nelson's objective, to found a wonderful art center and museum for Kansas City.

Martin L. Davey, Congressman from the 14th Ohio District, introduced a bill enlarging temporarily the powers of the President so as to provide for a reorganization of the U. S. government service. He claims that a more business-like alignment of the various branches would save the public \$500,000,000 a year.

"Boosters" and "Knockers"

The Story of a Bond Issue and Its Aftermath

By Walter M. Witherspoon

THE town was in an uproar. All of the "boosters" were earnestly advocating a bond issue to provide funds for a hospital, an addition to the municipal waterworks, playgrounds and swimming-pool for the kiddies, a public building of some kind where the women's clubs and similar organizations could hold meetings, etc. The Rotary Club was asked to endorse the bond issue and while a formal endorsement was refused, it was plainly manifest that all of the members (maybe) were for it.

The "boosters" brought all of the pressure to bear which could be brought, other citizens were as energetically opposed, and the fight was on. The argument waxed warm, and even heated. In this town of ten thousand people, there were only two classes—the "boosters" and the "knockers."

The first class insisted that there was no argument against the "needed improvement," and the second class replied that the town was not large enough either to build or maintain the so-called improvements. Neighbors became embittered towards each other, and in some cases lasting enmity was begun.

Surely the souls of certain iconoclastic journalists would have been gladdened if they could have known.

One luncheon club formally endorsed the movement, and those of its members, who did not agree, kept quiet and later voted at the election as they saw fit.

Some of the members of the Rotary Club tried to overawe the president and force a vote on a resolution endorsing the bond issue but he called attention to the objects of Rotary, which are "To encourage and foster" *certain ideals, mental viewpoints, ethical standards, etc.*, and not to dig ditches, build sewers, hospitals and pavements.

Attention was called to the fact that Rotary is attempting to educate its members, so that they will be possessed of certain ideals, will get away from the mean and the petty, and the eternal race for money and power. They were told that it is the desire of Rotary to inspire in each of its members a desire to render fair, honest, and capable service to everybody—not merely to

fellow-Rotarians; to inspire in them a desire to broaden acquaintance, to want to meet people, to listen to stories and be tolerant of viewpoints; to become more truthful in their advertising and in their general conduct; to become more friendly with people, more kindly, and more cheerful; to become more charitable toward the frailties of others, more considerate of their desires and their feelings and to practice the golden rule.

The members of this club were told that Rotary acted directly on the members in this manner, and believed that if the members followed these teachings, they would become better citizens, better husbands and fathers, and better members of the community; that the community would be benefited thereby, but that Rotary does not undertake to act directly on the community in any manner.

We believed that if Rotarians had learned these lessons, and had been inspired by the ideals constantly placed before them they would not hesitate to

vote for public improvements because of any limited increase in their taxes; that they would take a broad, liberal view of the situation and most of them would vote for the bond issues even though they might have some doubt about the advisability of doing so.

APPARENTLY satisfied the Rotarians went on their way, but refrained from calling anybody any names, did their full duty as citizens and did not incur the enmity of either faction in the community. The bond issue received about 53 per cent of the votes cast, as against 47 per cent opposed. The other service club has been identified for or against all sorts of civic activities, and has even gone so far as to suggest an inter-club council composed of the service clubs, woman's clubs, and others, but Rotary has refused to take part. The other clubs are usually "boosting" something, and thereby incurring the enmity of that part of the community which happens to be opposed. The Rotary Club is respected by the entire community because of its disinterested position.

We are trying to take the worried look off of the faces of our members and we are succeeding. We are trying to convince them that the habit of chasing every dollar that pushes its head above the horizon is wrong; that friendships are worth more than money. Are we succeeding? Well, five years ago the writer was the worst money grubber in the community, and would not have taken from his business one-tenth the time it takes to write this article. Other examples in the club are more shining, but we must let them speak for themselves. As an illustration of the effect our teachings and practices have had on us, let me tell you that nearly every member is anxious to come to meetings, he has a good time, forgets that the weight of the world is on his shoulders, and goes away filled with good cheer. If you doubt it, we can point to the fact that the wife of every member is an intensely loyal Rotary Ann.

It is a fact that a few of our members are not satisfied with these methods, and they claim we are not doing anything; the truth is, however, that these very fellows invariably fail

(Continued on page 69)

The Other Side

WHEN we printed the article by James W. Davidson last month we announced that there would be a further discussion of Rotary purposes as interpreted by a club which has successfully avoided both the "boosters" and the "knockers."

The situation set forth in this article is one which may easily be encountered wherever there is any ambitious effort at welfare work. Whether it should or should not exist does not materially alter its dangerous reactions where business organizations are concerned. To do whatever is possible for one's community and still to respect the rights of others is not always easy but it is always wise. By following this course the individual member avoids making either himself or his organization the target for just criticism.

"Shift Gears!"

By Millard Milburn Rice

WHEN in doubt; shift gears," is a motto which ought to be on the windshield of every car that is ever called upon to negotiate mountainous country. It seems to me that this motto embodies more of the elements of safety for a driver in the great mountain ranges than any other similar phrase. It makes no difference whether you are going up or down a grade, if there is any doubt in your mind concerning the ease of the grade—shift gears.

There is so much of beauty and pleasure to be experienced by a safe negotiation of the many mountain boulevards of the Rockies that I have undertaken to set down here some of the commonest errors of mountain driving and the simplest remedies for these errors. Possibly the least dangerous thing which happens to the dweller in flat country who drives for the first time in the mountains is the misjudgment of the steepness of grades *on the way up*. The scale of things is so large in the mountains that what appears to the unfam-

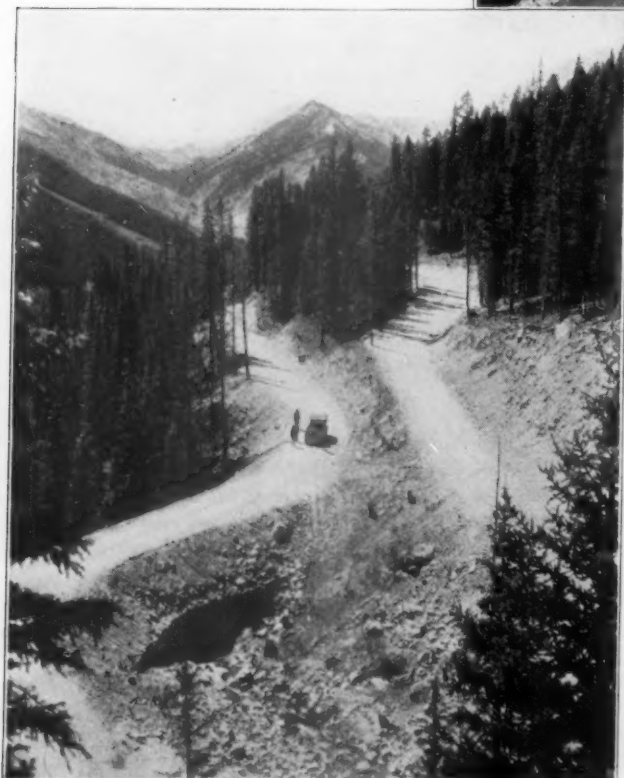
iliar driver to be the easiest of grades proves to be a difficult climb. There is, for instance, on the approach to Lookout Mountain in the foothills of the Rockies just west of Denver, a grade which surprises and deceives probably several dozen motorists a day during the tourist season. For fifteen miles from the city limits of Denver westward toward the mountains, the motorist bowls along on a cement pavement. As he approaches the foothills, the heights begin to loom above him. At Golden he turns sharply to the left, crosses a railroad track and suddenly

The Fall River Road, in Rocky Mountain National Park, a thrilling challenge to the motorist.

Photo: Joe Mills, Estes Park, Colo.



Berthoud Pass, on the Victory Highway, sixty miles west of Denver, is reached over a number of hairpin loops of scenic grandeur.



starts up Lookout Mountain. There is no preparation for it. He just starts up. The first little grade is short and sharp and steep—it takes no practiced eye to tell that. But the car takes it without shifting because it is short. At the top a long straight road stretches away for half a mile, and it looks like the "old bus" ought to pick up. Unless it is one of the powerful expensive cars it probably doesn't. About half way up this grade one of

two things usually happens: either the driver shifts gear and wonders what is suddenly wrong with his car; or he pulls to the side of the road and stops. Over his shoulder he calls to his companions, "Guess it's the altitude. I'll have to adjust the carburetor," and proceeds to lift the hood and "adjust" the carburetor. You can see that little comedy being enacted on that grade almost any time you pass.

As a matter of fact, there is neither anything wrong with the car, nor is it "the altitude." This altitude bogey is mostly just thin air, anyway, as far as most cars are concerned. The driver is on a seven per cent grade and doesn't realize it. The great hills in front of him have distorted his sense of grade.

The road up Lookout Mountain is the famous Lariat Trail, a marvel of mountain highway engineering. Except for the short stretch of heavy grade mentioned, the other grades are comparatively easy. And although much of the road is what is known as a shelf road—that is, a road along the side of a steep slope with a sheer drop on one side—it is one of the safest roads for the careful driver. The curves are well banked; the road is wide; and the outside edge is guarded by great steel cables set through stone posts. The view from Lookout Mountain includes

part of three states and is one of the most satisfying in the Rockies. The Lariat Trail is a part of the sixty-mile loop drive through Denver's Mountain Parks—a drive which no visitor to Colorado should miss.

There are many deceiving stretches of road in the Colorado Rockies. The one which probably most puzzles tourist and mountaineer alike is the road across the Continental Divide at Berthoud Pass. The summit of the pass is about sixty miles west of Denver. All of the way the road is beautiful and smooth and broad and safe. When the climb starts up the Pass the steeper incline isn't noticed. It is an actual fact that automobile parties will exchange sarcastic and even bitter words over this grade. The driver, for instance, may have the car in second gear. The road ahead of him looks level or sometimes even down grade. He grumbles about the car. It won't pull, he says. Why,



South St. Vrain Canyon, fifty miles from Denver in the Colorado foothills.

anyway, it ought to drift down here. Someone in the rear seat laughs. Why, man, this is a steep grade we are on. And so it goes. The great mountains all about have simply destroyed all sense of proportion of things.

There is little more than humor or inconvenience in such matters, provided that when the driver stops to "adjust" the carburetor he chucks the car or shuts off the engine and leaves the gears in low—shifts gears, if you please. How few drivers seem to know or care that this is the only safe way to stop on a grade! I know one man who, before I had met him, had driven his big seven-passenger car half way across the continent several times, over two mountain ranges, and through many of the scenic mountainous national parks as well. After all of this driving, and many additional thousands of miles in less mountainous country, he spent several months of one summer next door to my home 7,500 feet up in the Rockies. There being no garage close, he allowed his car to stand on the grade in front of his house.

"You know," he said to me one day, "I'm always afraid that some night I'll forget to chuck my car and it will run back down hill and smash things up."

"Don't you leave it in gear?" I asked casually.

He looked at me oddly. "What do you mean?" he queried.

I explained half apologetically, for I thought he didn't understand my meaning.

"Why, I never thought of that," he answered finally.

How he had negotiated all of the thousands of miles of steep mountain grades with that big car without a mishap I don't know. It was just a piece of good fortune, I suppose. He had depended entirely upon his emergency brake and an occasional "chuck" to hold his car whenever he stopped it on a hill. He hadn't known that if his

gine hold the car. And anyway, "it goes too slow in second." I have one good friend who has been known to remark that he would rather "hold her with the brakes" than with a lower gear because the grinding of the gears and the whirr of the engine "make too much noise."

It is no uncommon sight on a holiday to see eight or ten cars grouped about a water trough or a spring along the road, most of whose drivers are carrying water and sloshing it on the brake drums amid much hissing and large clouds of steam. Possibly that, and the cost of a new set of brake bands, is the greatest inconvenience most drivers suffer. But occasionally the brakes of a car will become so hot that the accumulated grease will burst into flame. Sometimes the flames cannot be extinguished. And sometimes the brake bands fail to hold on a hill and the car plunges downward to destruction. It is a little surprising how seldom this happens after one realizes how brakes are abused.

One man who for a time operated a garage near the foot of Berthoud Pass declares that most of his repair work consisted of installing new brake bands on cars whose owners had "let her down with the brakes" over the seven or eight miles of grade on the Berthoud Pass road. Some kind of generous Providence seems to watch over people like that. But it always

(Continued on page 70)



car headed down hill he should set the gear in reverse; and if it headed uphill, in low. He is only one of a great many thousands, though.

The greatest chances are taken, however, in descending grades. While a grade usually looks steeper descending than ascending, the careless driver is inclined to "let her down with the brakes." It is too much trouble to shift down to a second gear—or low, if the grade is very steep—and thus let the compression of the en-



Cliff Road along the Big Thompson Canyon, seventy-five miles north of Denver, one of many magnificent highways in Rocky Mountain Park. In oval—Tunnels on the motor road in the "Eleven Mile" Canyon on the Ocean-to-Ocean highway near Colorado Springs.

"Unaccustomed as I am—"



IN these days, when few people are safe from having to make speeches of some kind, and no person can avoid listening to a great many, it is reasonable to ask how much remains untried for the improvement of one's own speaking. On this art there abound many books which, if not followed too slavishly, and if supported by the direct personal tuition to be easily obtained by anyone so minded, remove all excuse for our continuing to suffer mildly those speakers of whom the best we can say is that they appear to endure as much misery as they inflict.

This topic is peculiarly one the concern of the Rotarian. Why? Because Rotary is, amongst other things, a cradle of ideas. Week in, week out, Rotary in its own unique ways works upon its own members, developing them, sending them out into all other circles wherein they function better able to champion high ideas. Just to that extent does it become more the responsibility of each Rotarian that he puts forward his views in the form most conducive to their acceptance. We can consequently consider together usefully the uplift that literature can afford to all forms of speech, private as well as public speech.

Some cheap correspondence courses, not to be despised, teach one how to speak at the telephone; how to approach one's banker for an overdraft (never really helpful); how to give instructions clearly and sensibly; how to speak to children. Certain teachers turn their clients into marionettes, stressing too much gesture, paying heed only to the importance of elocution, and succeeding in turning out mere "orators" who take care of the sounds, leaving the sense to take care of itself. Whilst perhaps no tuition is altogether valueless, it is certain the speaker is not a treasure in his or her community unless utterance springs from out one's

own deep sincere feeling, from out one's own golden treasury of thought—unless the utterance springs from out a mind properly developed, on information gathered, stored, and sifted long ago; unless reliant on a sustained course of careful reading.

Every week brings forth its tonnage of new books. Some of these the modern girl may permit her mother to read in perfect safety. An occasional book may even inherit longevity. At any rate the world was never so enriched by books as it is today, but there is little evidence of a proportionately enlarged circle of trained readers. A literary society is still an oasis in the desert. Some people read not at all; others without the least care; with the result that slang abounds, and few people speak with sentences at once sensible, vivacious, and informing. Rather than select a worth-while book, to be read in fireside quietude, many will wander more than once weekly into the "movies," placing a blind belief in the program advertisements announcing the building is regularly disinfected. The youth of our towns will see weekly some five hundred persecuted heroes, a thousand ill-used heroines, several armies of cow-boys and probably a score of comic abnormalities pursued by angry mobs. No wonder there is in so many directions such poor thought-expression! Boys and girls call their

fathers "old bean" if not "some guy." All classes alike overwork words. For some people everything is "ripping"—from a sunset to a new soap. Too much application is made of phrases such as "awfully nice," "jolly charming." Final consonants are dropped with the utmost disrespect. Even in Scotland, that land of precise speech, the final consonant is dropped—the only thing a Scot ever does drop!

IN the more southerly countries of England, so straightforward a word as "weather" becomes "weathaw;" and that word which in the course of the War so narrowly escaped becoming obsolete—butter—passes off as "but-tah." We hear abortions such as "advertisements;" grammatical catastrophes such as "between you and I." Indeed if some Rotarian were now to begin compiling a list of errors he heard in speech, a week hence such a list would be held up by a paper shortage. Nor are the faults altogether comprised in pronunciation and grammar. There is such monotony of speech—an appalling lack of flexibility of tone. Have we not noticed, and worshipped, the charms of inflection and melody in the voice of a young child? So simple a word as "yes," it can put to use in a score of ways. But it goes to school and is in quick time made like unto all others. Gone is the charm, the inflection, the melody. Every child passes through the same paces of sing-song and monotony; and thus it comes about that adults by the thousand make use of few musical notes in speaking; and all this harsh, slovenly talk plays its part in blunting the finer sides of life.

Then, too, there is so supreme a disregard for punctuation. Any business man who has had occasion to advertise for that highly pronounced luxury, a lady stenographer, is aghast at the

By Peter Thomason

Illustrations by A. H. Winkler

letters received. From "dear sir" to "yours truly" (it never is "yours obediently" these days) the torrent flows, measured by commas in profusion, seldom by a full stop, as though all womanhood were resolved upon flow of pen as well as flow of speech. Nor is the masculine contribution to daily letter-writing much better! So many young men in applying for posts write as though their letters were intended to debar them. Business correspondents generally load themselves up with a few stock phrases such as "We are in receipt of your letter" or that greatly overworked sentence of latter days "Your promised cheque is not to hand," and they are business correspondents! There is room for a little more of literary merit in daily letter-writing; and one should cultivate first the ability to speak well, then the ability to write as one speaks.

But all this grumbling would be worse than useless could no cure be suggested. There is quite ready to hand an all-embracing remedy—good reading. All these and other faults are to be lamented: Yet they can be eradicated by *careful* reading. It is possible to read everything and know nothing. One might do worse than learn a little of some masterpiece by heart—for example, Keat's "Ode to Autumn," for the sense of beauty is the beginning of literary wisdom. Not that poetry should be taken in large doses: Some minds are anti-poetic, as others are anti-musical. The doctrine that certain books *ought* to be read is often carried so far as to be pernicious. Vary your reading. Read nothing that bores you. Discover a good critic and catch his enthusiasm. We know *how* to read. What is more, we can develop a critical faculty. We can learn how to bring that critical faculty to bear on what we do read. We can form something like a definite plan of study. We can straightway drink at the fountain-heads of literature. We are able to do more than know the great writers. We come to understand just *why* they are great.

The mother-tongue is revealed to us as a great heritage—a priceless gift not to be abused. The way is open to the great storehouse of prose, and we thus find ourselves able to separate more readily good diction from

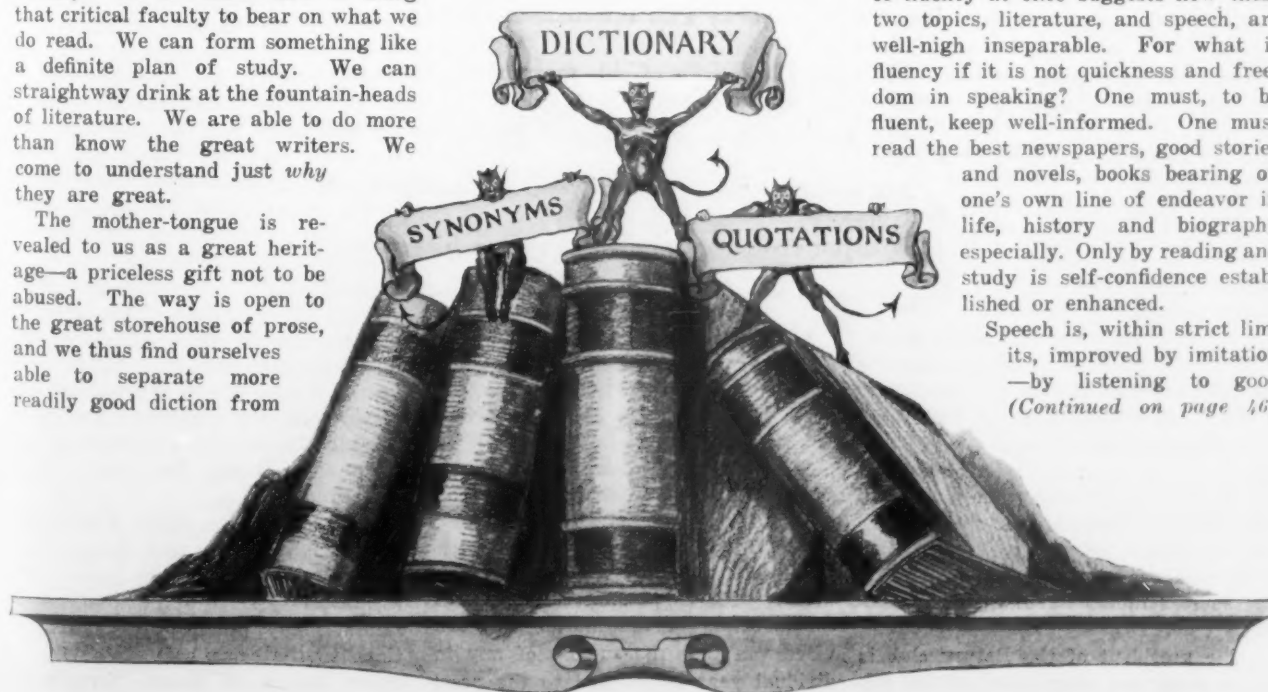
bad. With these exercises in care, slang becomes abhorrent, interest in words is stimulated; there is gradually increasing recognition of distinctions in word-meanings, this in itself bringing about an enlarged power of expression. Furthermore, in replacing words by others which more accurately express the intended meaning, we are following one of the surest ways of getting at the very kernel of the thought, and such systematic selection will be of advantage to us not only in writing and speaking, but in every mental act.

And systematic work can be done too in the way of adding to one's vocabulary. Unless one does this adequately and masterly, no great variety of ideas can be expressed. Ineffectiveness of speech in many is due far more than is supposed to the lack of a satisfactorily large and clearly understood vocabulary. One who rests content with medium-grade speech may see no reason for time and mental energy spent in acquiring, let alone rightly understanding, new words. He, however, who would be reaching to higher and higher grades of effective speech will need no urging in this direction, but will have realized that a standard dictionary should always be at hand, for much consultation, for consultation when a word is to be used in context. A book of synonyms, showing shades of meanings, is helpful. To jot down new words heard in conversation or noticed in reading is worth while. To read *each day* at least a paragraph from some author of style highly approved is beneficial, especially if one notes down for later reference the less-familiar words. Every clearly understood word brought naturally into one's own vocabulary is an added power.

But an extensive vocabulary is not all-sufficient for thought-expression. It is not true that words alone make thought flow off the tip of the pen or tongue. To know how to use a vocabulary is more important than just to possess one. Merely to weave words into accurate characterised designs on an effective background is ruinous to the success of any speaker. To employ an extensive vocabulary riotously is worse than to own none. In the supreme example available for us all, the Bible, *simplicity* of language is *powerful* language. Many lines of poetry have not had, when first written, the simple virile swing their creator coveted. So often it is not the word so much as adroitness in using it which makes the lines from a great poet complete in their polished and natural perfection. Perfecting of expression therefore is not only a matter of vocabulary. It is a grappling after the really subtle and intellectual elements of these arts of expression and persuasion.

THEN, too, there should be searched for in all our reading, the speech phrases. This insures avoidance, when suddenly called upon, of jerky speech, avoidance of awkward pauses between unimportant words. We must unite our words in thought-groups. It is so natural for good speakers to associate words in phrases that shorthand reporters hear phrases rather than words. We think by phrases rather than by words, therefore we should in speech avoid all hesitation, all breaks, all interruptions that tend to disturb the formation of phrasal groups. By reading aloud, paying attention to phrasal values, fluency is gained. The mention of fluency at once suggests how these two topics, literature, and speech, are well-nigh inseparable. For what is fluency if it is not quickness and freedom in speaking? One must, to be fluent, keep well-informed. One must read the best newspapers, good stories and novels, books bearing on one's own line of endeavor in life, history and biography especially. Only by reading and study is self-confidence established or enhanced.

Speech is, within strict limits, improved by imitation
—by listening to good
(Continued on page 46)



Why Did You Accept Office?

A Chat with Incoming Club Presidents

By Guy Gundaker

AS a starting point for my chat, may I ask the recently elected club presidents a very personal question: Why did you accept the office of president of a Rotary club?

I presume that no one would take the office for the vainglory of holding it; no one would seek it for the slight local prestige that it gives; likewise, no one, even by the wildest flight of fancy, would look to the office for material advantage. Your reason, for acceptance therefore, must have been an unselfish one, and I fully believe that it was a desire to carry forward the great betterment objectives of Rotary.

The very serious responsibility assumed by a president undoubtedly gave you deep concern. Your acceptance of that responsibility, with the knowledge of what it meant in sacrifice, work, and effort, indicates that you were anxious and willing to dedicate yourself to the cause of promoting service in the business world of which you are a part,—to service in the community in which you live.

There is an interesting fact in connection with the president's office which may not have occurred to you.

It is this: that your fellow-Rotarians are constantly alert in scrutinizing the manner in which the office is conducted.

Men who neglect their duties as president of a Rotary club quickly lose prestige with their fellow-members. It is a rare occasion when they do not wonder why it is that their chosen executive, having made a success of his own business or profession, falls short of success in his handling of the Rotary club.

The president of the Rotary club is also under the observation of his fel-

low-townsfolk. They, too, expect a successful administration.

No president can afford to lie down on the job, and lose the good opinion of his fellow-townsfolk by any lack of success in efficiently managing the Rotary club.

dent, and its failure likewise charged against him. This is true of the manager of a business, and it is no less true of the president of a Rotary club.

When a new president takes office he has a personnel of membership provided him which was elected by previous administrations. (This, of course, does not apply to new clubs.)

As regards the individual member, it is the president's duty: first, to make him happy, contented, and satisfied; second, to promote his attendance, and his acquaintance and friendship in the club; and third, to promote his knowledge of Rotary, and inspire him with the desire to carry the Rotary ideals and their spirit of service into practice.

As regards election to membership in the club during his administration, he must see to it that the new personnel is up to the high standards of Rotary requirements, and that the classification principle of Rotary is strictly maintained. By this I do not mean that the president should usurp the functions of the membership committee or the board of directors, but that he should closely supervise elections to membership.

Most of the above duties of the president

are so clear in their statement that it is unnecessary to amplify what has been said, except to give additional emphasis to the president's serious responsibility in the education of Rotarians in Rotary knowledge, ideals, and practices.

For some years, many devoted Rotarians have feared that Rotary would reach a point where she would cease to progress, slow up, and eventually follow many other worthy organizations to the scrap-heap. The fear of these leaders in Rotary thought has

The Pedestal and the Clay Feet

WHENEVER a man climbs onto a pedestal or is lifted upon one he immediately becomes more conspicuous than his fellows. Simultaneously he becomes a much better target—and if the popular idol has clay feet the fact becomes more apparent. The dignity and the responsibility go together, and more than one man has been ruined by success. All this was recognized in ancient times for we have the story of the sword of Damocles and that of the Death's Head at the feast.

In our day, responsibility is not couched in such vivid terms—but it is there just the same. Unless we are willing to accept the responsibility we had better forego the glory. It is a pleasant thing to be elected president of a Rotary club or any other representative body, but the pleasure is not unalloyed. Whenever such a tribute is paid, the electorate expects to improve itself as well as to honor the man it selects. If he prove a disappointment in office resentment will quickly follow.

Therefore such an election demands careful consideration by the candidate as well as by those who invite his candidacy. Before allowing his name to go on the ballot he may well ponder the four points made at the conclusion of this article by Past International President Guy Gundaker:

"The onward progress of this movement will depend largely on your individual effort.

"The world will be the gainer if your work is well done.

"Are you thoroughly alert to your responsibility and your opportunity?

"Will you dedicate yourself to a great achievement?"

With this background established, may I proceed to specific detailed suggestions concerning the office of the president, his duties and responsibilities?

The president is the executive manager of the Rotary club. His responsibility for its success extends to every detail of the club operation. While the board of directors have a joint responsibility with the president, even a casual consideration of the matter will convince you that the success of any individual year is credited to the presi-

been based on the well-known fact that knowledge of and about Rotary is not possessed by the rank and file of Rotarians. This fact is quite inexplicable considering the effort expended each year both by Rotary International and the clubs to develop the members of Rotary clubs into real Rotarians through education. I am glad to state that many club presidents are doing their part to remedy this situation.

ROTARY can only succeed and progress when many Rotarians fully understand the purposes of Rotary, its objects, its principles, and its ideals. No one elected to Rotary, possessing the rigid requirements of Rotary membership, if he is sufficiently educated in Rotary, will fail to be inspired to work toward realizing the wonderful opportunity in world service afforded him by membership in Rotary.

It is almost a platitude to say that unless the president is thoroughly grounded in Rotary, he will not be in position to properly direct the education of others.

Considerable time must be devoted by the president to reading the Rotary pamphlets, the constitution and by-laws of Rotary International, the "Weekly Letter" from the Secretary, and our monthly magazine THE ROTARIAN. All other literature sent to him by Rotary International should be carefully studied, and the information acquired utilized in his program of education for club members.

The responsibility for educating Rotarians in Rotary is a direct responsibility of the president. He must devise the means for doing this, and supply the enthusiasm and effort to make it effective.

In my opinion, the rating of Rotary clubs should be determined not by what the club has done in community-service activities, but by what the club officers have done in developing men ready and willing to serve. The Rotary club should be rated best which has developed the most men, eager and capable to render service in the business world and in the community in which they live.

When one refers to a Rotary club year, one speaks of it by the name of the president. Since it is customary to designate the year as the term of a certain president, it is apparent that Rotarians look to the president for the success of any administration and likewise, for the co-ordination of all of the Rotary club activities.

The most important phase of administration is leadership in preparing a definite program of work for the year, —a program which will have as its object: first, the development of the individual Rotarian, well grounded in Rotary's teachings; and second,

constantly reiterated inspiration for Rotarians to actualize Rotary ideals in their daily life.

This program must be definite as to topics; scheduled temporarily or permanently for the club year, and arranged in such sequence as will provide variety and continued interest of the membership. Time allotments for work and play should be given careful consideration.

The proper co-ordination of the activities appropriate for Rotary clubs and the giving of appropriate emphasis to those topics which are relatively the most important, cannot be accomplished by separate committees working independently. Consequently, the programs for the year should be prepared under the supervision of the president.

Three elements enter into all program-making: first, Rotary International's program of Education, Business Methods, and Classifications; second, community-service activities, including boys work, crippled children, rural and urban acquaintance, etc.; and third, entertainment. In stating these three elements of program-making, I have presented them in the order of their importance, and the order in

A BIG FEATURE

EVERY Rotarian knows the name of Paul Harris. A great many are familiar with his picture. Some of us have the pleasure of knowing him personally. Whether we know him or do not know him, we are tremendously interested in him. He is the man who conceived the idea of the first Rotary club; he is the man who conceived the idea of a second Rotary club and of Rotary encircling the world. Quite naturally we are keenly interested to know all about his place of birth, his childhood, his education, his travels. Now, we are going to have the whole story unfolded.

After much urging by several friends, Paul Harris has consented to write a sketch of his life. To the Editor of THE ROTARIAN who has known Paul for nearly twenty years, the first chapters covering the period of childhood and school days, is an extremely interesting story. He believes that it will be equally interesting to all Rotarians in all parts of the world. This series of reminiscences will begin in the June number of THE ROTARIAN. It is not only a story of Rotary interest, but it is a real human-interest story. Do not miss the opening installment.

which the elements should be utilized in making the program.

In mentioning entertainment, I do not refer to the incidental entertainment features which are part of all Rotary club meetings. These should never be overlooked. But I refer to meetings which are primarily and solely devoted to entertainment,—such as ladies' nights, outings, musicales, etc.

In appointing the various club committees, it seems desirable to provide continuity of administration by continuing certain members of previous committees, either as chairman or members.

Many presidents attend each meeting of their respective committees in order that the work of a committee may have the advice and counsel of the responsible head. In some of the clubs, the vice-presidents are used for this purpose, and in others, members of the board of directors are in attendance *ex-officio*. No matter which method is used, the president must keep in touch with all committee activities.

Under this topic, it might be appropriate to say a word in connection with attendance at district conferences and the Rotary International Convention.

Ordinarily attendance at these Rotary gatherings has been left to "On-to-Conference" or "On-to-Convention" committees. In view of the fact that both the conference and the convention are parts of Rotary's planning for educating Rotarians in Rotary, stressing and securing larger attendance at the Conference and Convention should be considered an important duty of the club president.

MEMBERSHIP in Rotary International is held by individual clubs. Rotary International administers Rotary through communications directed to the club's officers. Rotary International cannot direct the action of an individual Rotarian, but directs his club.

Therefore, the president, as the head of the club, is the man to whom Rotary International looks for carrying out and maintaining the Rotary idea, Rotary's objects and purposes, and the various activities forming the program of Rotary International.

The communications sent from Rotary International to the president should therefore have his prompt attention and his whole-hearted co-operation. The president should make an earnest endeavor to keep his club in complete step with the Rotary movement.

Where clubs have been grouped in a Rotary district, the president's direct contact with the central administration of Rotary International is through the International officer designated the *district governor*. The district governor's

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"With lagging step and with head bowed lower, he turned down the side path. . . ."



He Saved Others

By Herbert E. Harris

Illustrations by Roy Fisher

THE president turned uneasily in his office chair. Twice he took the same bunch of envelopes from a pigeon-hole and resorted them. Three times in different ways he said that the college had never been so hard pressed financially.

The professor sat silent, his shoulders sagging. He was thinking rather wearily that this meant another half-year's salary would remain unpaid. Only that morning his wife had urged that they must spend the next month at the lakes. On the way to the college he had been stopped by young Doctor Andrews and ordered away for the summer.

"This is about the last lap for you, Prof. You've run for twenty years on nerve but you can't pull up many times more. Get a rest mighty quick now, I'm telling you."

Well, some of the boys would keep lecturing him to even up old scores in the classroom. He always looked a bit thin after commencement. But there were more matters than usual to be looked after for the school this summer, so he ought not to be away anyhow.

No suspicion had occurred to him when the president telephoned him to

come to the office that morning. So many summers he had spent knitting up ravelled sleeves of college cares that he expected such calls. But at last an insistent, unuttered meaning forced itself upon him through the president's confusion.

"Has some special trouble arisen?" It was the

quiet compelling tone his students knew so well. "No use trying to lie to Professor Joe," the upper classmen always instructed the freshies. "Tell it straight when he asks you."

So the president, though still groping for words, was pushed on toward his object. "We have—that is—there are prospects of substantial assistance soon. Indeed, Mr. Rand has, I may say, practically promised \$100,000 to start the new endowment campaign."

The hesitating voice trailed off into silence again. But the professor was waiting quietly, the same unwavering call for truth, straight.

"He suggested that there had been instruction in the college too—ah—more liberal than our denomination could endorse. He desired—he believed it for the good of the institution that—the teaching be more conservative."

"That is, he will contribute this sum on condition that I resign."

"Oh, Professor Barnes, that is putting the matter very bluntly. It need not—I think it might be arranged—"

But the professor was not listening. It was the old opposition crystallized. Just now the terms were "modernism" and "fundamentalism," but it was the same old theological conflict that every college and university had been passing

through. Only it had come later and more keenly to this institution because it was smaller and more local in its constituency. Mr. Rand, the banker who was offering this new gift, had always been very critical of "modern thought," and an ultra-conservative minister had roused a new terror among the supporters of the college recently.

"I sympathize fully with you—agree with the ideals you represent—" the conciliatory voice of the president caught his ear again.

Yes, the professor smiled without bitterness to himself, there had never come any criticism of his scholarship, nor any whisper against his personal life. But had he not taught that ancient Hebrew writings—like all others, sometimes contained allegory and figure? Had he not said that truth might be as divinely conceived in modern civilization as under ancient barbarism?

"I know, too, how loyal all your students have been to you and how much your life has enriched theirs."

Ah, but he had sometimes been so intent on helping young people to live more abundantly here and now that he had talked little about Somewhere else and Hereafter.

"SO I will not ask you to resign. Unfortunately we are dependent upon the conservative element largely for our support. If it should be divided, the college must fail. But I shall stand by you whatever decision you make. I felt it right, however, to let you know the situation."

No, he would not resign. Nor could he compromise with the truth as he had seen it. It would let the college swing

backward, leave it looking to the ideals of the past for its inspiration instead of to the needs of the present and hope of the future. The price was too heavy for the gain promised.

And yet he was no longer alone in the things for which he stood. The students who had been in his classes and in some others with broader views were gaining a stronger hold on college direction yearly. The younger members of the faculty were beginning to speak the truth openly. After all, his work was accomplished. The pioneering was done, the seed sown. He could safely trust the development, assured that truth would win. And the college needs were so many: new laboratories, a new library, better salaries—by stepping aside he would be rendering the greatest service.

So he turned to the president at last: "I shall place my resignation in your hands at once. The college will prosper better without me. It would be selfish for me to remain. And please remember that I have made the decision for myself. It concerns me alone."

It was with real gladness for the richer future he saw must come to the college that he left the office. His head was high, his face serene as he passed down the hall. The door of his old classroom stood open. A moment's glance as he went by brought a thousand memories crowding upon him. His step sounded less firm as he went on. As he left the building the campus lay before him, the lawn sweeping away under elm and oak. His mind travelled back to the barren slope it had been when he saw it first. Some of the trees throwing broad shadows on the green had been planted by his own hand.

Under their shade with lagging step and with head bowed lower he turned down the side path to his little home across the street.

Two hours later President Twining, leaving the college, saw Dr. Andrews

coming up that side path. "Anything the matter over there?"

"Professor Barnes has just suffered a stroke, paralysis."

The president groped unseeing for a moment until his hand rested against a tree. "Is he—will it be serious?"

"Can't see any hope. Maybe a day for him." The young doctor spoke huskily, bluntly. His tone lacked a great deal of achieving the colorless neutrality that the ethics of his profession prescribed.

"I will go over at once and do what I can," the president said.

There were many who came proffering help to the little home that short-long day of waiting. But the doctor and the wife were the only ones who passed into the inner room. Those waiting could hear their voices during the day, their movements about the

room. Then toward evening, his voice, faint, faltering,—then silence.

The President and the minister were still waiting when Dr. Andrews came out. "He asked me to give his love to you all, and he asked us to carry out a rather strange memorial service. It is to be on the front campus at three day after tomorrow."

"Will there be—did he ask for a sermon?" inquired the minister.

"No, there will be no sermon. The plans are to be worked out by students and alumni."

THE sudden death, a rumor of the situation, and the strange plans for the funeral sent an air of mystery over the little college town. Curious, tense, a little hostile, those who had criticised and opposed him came at the appointed hour. But another group had gath-

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"Deliberately and without hesitation he tore it in two."

Modern Business

Its Pleasures and Penalties

By Ralph Frost

BUSINESS today is very unlike business twenty, or even ten years ago, as we most of us know to our cost. Not very many years ago firms could get fairly good prices for their goods, and the hours worked were fewer and less strenuous. The head of a business could indulge in a fair amount of recreation, and still feel tolerably certain of an average profit at the end of the year. We have all speeded up since then. Why this hurry none can say, but we act and re-act upon each other, and businesses are so intertwined and dependent on each other that in nearly every branch of industry the spirit of haste and rivalry has entered.

This is not an unmixed evil. Competition often leads to a more inventive turn of mind, and alertness and keenness are desirable and necessary. On the other hand, hasty work is often faulty work, and low-priced work is often shoddy work. Herein lies the trouble; for a conscientious firm, which is out to do good work only, must of necessity get fair prices, and not give way to panic on account of the cutting of prices by unfair competitors, many of whom do not base their estimates on a true knowledge of the work entailed, or who are making a desperate effort to get orders at any cost.

It comes to this, then, that a business that hopes to remain a live concern must first set out to convince its customers of its sincerity in supplying everything of the best. It must never waver in this policy, and whatever the price charged, the standard of the work must always be kept up. The confidence of clients once assured, no effort to please in the smallest detail must be overlooked. Letters and orders must be immediately answered and acknowledged, and promises of delivery must be strictly kept. "Despise not the day of small things."

A spirit of generosity must also prevail in dealing with customers, in so far that any complaints must be looked into and studied from the purchaser's point of view, and faults and errors should be promptly acknowledged and remedied. Much business has been lost by firms which have obstinately stood out in some trifling dispute, in which they considered themselves in the right, and have perhaps indulged

in an acrimonious correspondence with their clients. Every firm would be wise to work in the sunshine. Innocent-looking summer clouds are sometimes the precursors of a storm.

Perhaps the most difficult problem the modern business man has to solve is how to cope with other firms which are charging prices he knows to be under cost. There is only one way. Let him first get at his own real costs. If he be a manufacturer, let him look matters fairly in the face, shirking nothing and forgetting nothing. Let him get his costs of labor, material, and general charges right; and let him insist on being paid for these, however small a profit he may add. He will lose

some work (of a kind) by this, but by instituting a well-organized system and practising small economies, his working costs will be reduced to a minimum, and he can afford to charge low prices and still make a profit. Customers will soon recognize this and will see that by dealing with a firm whose prices are consistent and reliable, they will save money and get better service.

WE must not get cross with the man who "cuts"—in fact, the fewer things that make us cross the better, both for ourselves and our businesses. In commerce, as in golf and other games of life, it is the man who keeps smiling who is most likely to win. No good was ever done by disparaging a brother-tradesman, and the man is to be pitied rather than blamed who through ignorance or stress of circumstances charges prices which must eventually lead him into financial difficulties.

To sum up this brief article, then, I should say that the first and most important asset of a modern business man is an unassailable reputation for honest dealing. Let every transaction be carried through honorably and uprightly; a feeling of confidence will then be engendered which will prove the very soul of his business.

Many people have said that it is impossible to be quite honest in business. This is absolutely untrue. The truth is that no business can be built up with any stability that is not based on the solid rock of honest trading. Next in importance to this I should put the capacity for painstaking and intelligent work. Nothing slipshod will do nowadays, and he is a wise man who not only keeps a keen eye on details himself, but who can gather round him people who are equally observant and methodical. Woe betide the man who admits into his business the fatal element of disorder.

Having done our best work (whatever its failings may be) let us take a cheerful outlook on life, and let our business be our servant and not our master. The amassing of money is poor fun if it entails a fretful mind or bad digestion. We should enjoy our work, and not let our worries assume outrageous proportions. Peace of mind is worth a king's ransom, and certainly clears the ground for good work.

This Month's Cover

THE Rotary Club of Stockholm was inaugurated on Jan. 9th. This event brought a new flag into the cluster representing nations having Rotary clubs. Sweden's yellow cross on the blue ground will be the thirty-fifth flag in line.

The picture reproduced on the cover for this month was taken at the inaugural meeting. In the front row are Axel F. Enstrom, vice-president (third from left); T. C. Thomsen, director of Rotary International (fourth from left); Josef Noren, president (fifth from left); and Fred W. Teele, Special Commissioner (sixth from left). Second from the right, standing, is Hugo Cedergren. He and Gustaf Haggberg, (not in picture) are joint honorary secretaries of the new club.

Stockholm is sometimes called "the Venice of the North" because part of the city is built on small islands. It is said that the city was founded about 1255 A. D., and it has long been important commercially though it is only in comparatively modern times that it was made the capital.

Financing a Rotary Club

Some Suggestions for a Well-Balanced Budget

By Raymond J. Knoeppel

IN order to spend money, one must first have it. I will therefore, start with a discussion of the income side of club finances.

The revenue of a Rotary club may be derived from four sources: first, from initiation fees; second, from dues; third, from donations; and fourth, the proceeds from benefit performances and the like, operated for a special purpose.

The initiation fees of a Rotary club should not be regarded as part of its income. These payments from initiation fees are not fixed, and if they are regarded as income, subject to expenditure in the annual budget, there would be an unhappy urge to increase the membership, to some degree at least, for the mere purpose of revenue. I need hardly say that every member admitted for the purpose of revenue may become a liability.

The revenue from initiation fees should be set aside for the purpose of accumulating a surplus, not necessarily a large surplus, but one large enough to be a protection against temporary conditions of adversity, or unusual needs not provided for in annual budgeting.

In the third class of revenue, I have mentioned donations. These should not be listed or calculated as income, but should be allocated for some specific purpose for which either the donor intended the money to be spent, or the club, in its wisdom, found the need.

Likewise the fourth class, that of special funds raised by benefit performances, these should not be classed as income for ordinary purposes, but if raised at all, should be specifically raised to meet some special demand, such as work for boys, work for crippled children, work for

better citizenship, or what not. And this brings me to the second of the points, that of revenue from dues, and this, in my opinion, should be regarded as the real income of the club.

Now what should be the dues of a Rotary club? Answer: No Rotary club should charge less than \$25.00 per annum for its dues.

There may be much to say as to whether the dues should be fixed and the budget depend upon the amount of dues, or the budget be first fixed and the dues be made accordingly. In my opinion there are elements present in the new club whereby it will seem best to fix the dues first and then to keep the budget within the amount of the income, whereas in clubs long established, the experience of previous budgets, coupled with the desires of the membership as to activities, will determine what amount of dues is necessary.

Now the big part of this subject is the question of the budget.

Any Rotary club, irrespective of size or location, cannot operate financially as a success unless it carefully budgets its income and its expenses. On the question of estimating the income, (and by that I mean the dues), I think the best plan is not as so many clubs do—to take the previous year's membership and then add an estimate for the number of members who should be elected during that year, but rather, to average the membership for the two or three years preceding, make a budget upon that average membership, and to treat the dues from any increases in membership during the current year in the nature of a safety zone; for while the club may have an increase in membership, it will also lose some of its members.

With the income properly estimated,

we have come to the making of a budget, and I would divide the budget into three major groups: first, obligations to Rotary International; second, fixed charges of the club; and third, activities of the club.

IN the first group—obligations to Rotary International—are the per capita tax and dues of \$3.50 for each member, and in some countries \$1.50 in addition for each member for THE ROTARIAN. In this group should also be provided the necessary expenses to meet the obligations of the club, to send delegates to the International Convention and the district conference.

In the second group—that of the fixed charges of the club—should be included any rentals for headquarters or otherwise; salaries of secretary and stenographic help; gen-
(Continued on page 61)

Beginning at Home

"THE Rotary club" declares the Past District Governor who wrote this article," must be preeminently a sound financial institution, scientifically studying its revenue, and after determining its proper income and allocating it to special purposes, plan a budget by means of which the members' money shall not be mispent but every dollar go to advance the cause of Rotary service. While we study on the one hand how we can best give of ourselves for the utmost good of the community, we should also plan at the same time how we can best give of our material substance for the advancement of the cause."

In other words, Rotary cannot preach sound business methods unless they are first practiced by the clubs. To do this he suggests that the club should regard as its only certain source of income the dues paid by its members. That income from these dues should be figured on the basis of the average membership for the previous few years; and that all income from shows, donations, or initiation fees should be used for special purposes and not considered as definite income.

He believes also that a special effort in which every member participates to raise money for some club project is more valuable than donations by a few of the more affluent; that many good members have been lost because their club was forever asking for contributions to this, that or the other thing; and that the club should always have a reserve on hand for emergencies.

Helping First Offenders

Public Service for Paroled Prisoners

By Cecil Howes

EVER since the formation of the first of the civic or service clubs there has been a more or less friendly debate among those actively interested in the welfare and progress of these institutions as to their activities. The subject has been a matter of long discussion and the formation of definite plans in the conventions of Rotary International.

It has become an accepted tenet of Rotary philosophy that the function of the club is primarily to point the way to individual service. In other words the club takes the member, instructs him in civic duties and how to do them and then puts it up to the individual member to do that duty. If the club has failed in its instruction and guidance it has failed in a part of its mission. More and more there has come a sharp curb upon the activities of the club as an organization in civic affairs. Most of the other civic or service clubs are working along the same lines to a more or less extent, thus making these clubs function as a school in civic work.

In Kansas just at this time there is under way an experiment in public service that should be watched with some interest by Rotary and other civic clubs because it may furnish a clear and concise demonstration of the functioning of a civic club and of the individual member in a most practical way. It has some of the elements of boys work but is even of greater importance in some respects because it offers help to young men at the most important character-building period of their lives.

It seems to be the general opinion of psychologists that it is the few years just before maturity which are most important in character

building. The boy from sixteen to twenty is the most impressionable and easiest led and the hardest to manage.

William Easton Hutchison, former district judge of a southwestern Kansas district and the organizer and first president of the Rotary Club of Garden City, Kansas, came to Topeka a year ago as the executive and pardon clerk to Governor Ben S. Paulen. His long years on the bench and in the practice of law gave Judge Hutchison a deep insight into the local or home conditions surrounding those who came be-

fore him charged with crime. When he became the pardon clerk he entered into a new field of crime study.

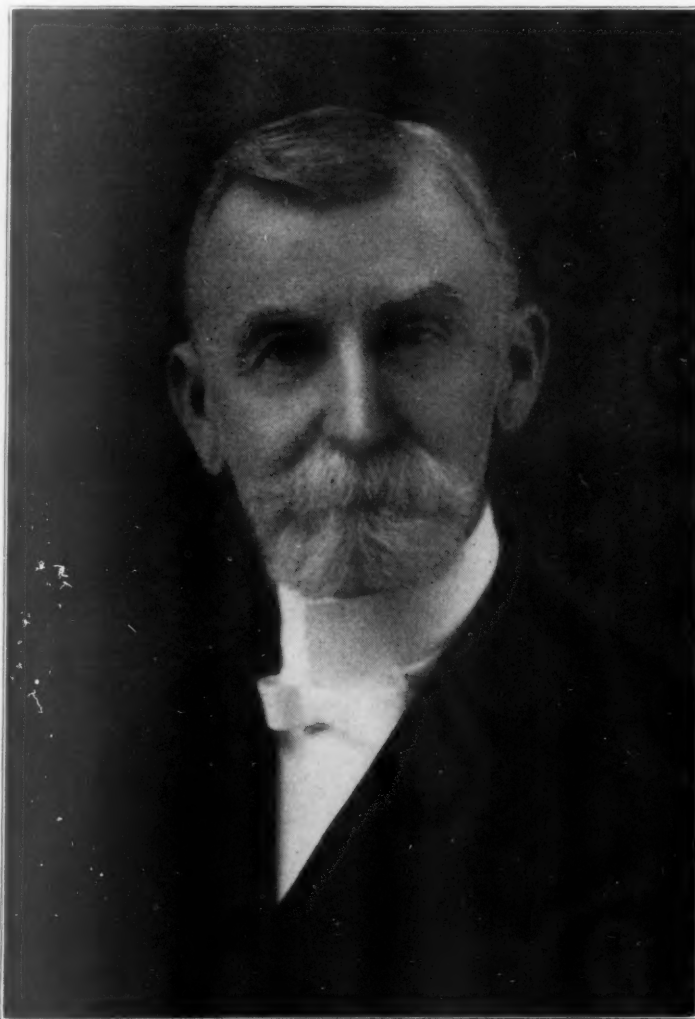
For many years Kansas has maintained the indeterminate sentence law. A man is never sentenced to serve any definite number of years in prison for any crime except murder. The legislature felt that the "punishment should fit the crime," so it provided wide latitude for the courts in determining the sentence of any man convicted of a crime. The term usually is one to two, one to five, and one to ten years. The

idea was that a man who broke the laws of society once and who took his punishment well might be released on parole within a short time and returned to society to make a good citizen, if he had it in him. For whatever maximum time of the sentence the state would have a string to the man to hold him in the straight path.

When Judge Hutchison came into office and began the study of the problems of the parole system he discovered that human nature had ruled that "once a bad boy, always a bad boy" and that a young man released from a state penal institution did not have the chances of another boy of equal abilities. There was a general attitude of looking askance at the lad from a reformatory.

Many Rotary clubs throughout the United States have been doing great work with the under-privileged boys of their communities, particularly with those who were delinquent and dependent and under the jurisdiction of the juvenile courts. Most of the Kansas Rotary Clubs were looking after the boys who were returned home from the boys' industrial school.

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William Easton Hutchison, of Topeka, Kans., is the executive and pardon clerk to Governor Ben S. Paulen of Kansas. After many years of close study of the influences that prey upon youth, Judge Hutchison has devised a plan of cooperation on the part of Rotary, Kiwanis, Lions, Civitan, and other service clubs whereby a paroled "first offender" is made a protege of a member. Of 205 boys paroled from the state reformatory, not a single boy has been returned to the institution for violating his parole.

Unusual Stories of Unusual Men

Ralph A. Gaynor—Presidential Record Holder

By JOHN D. ADAMS

SOME business men are complaining that they are unable to keep up their civic activities and build up a business at the same time. They maintain that civic work must be done by the young men not yet in active business, or by the older men who are far enough along to turn their business over to assistants. Here is proof to the contrary. Ralph A. Gaynor, civic worker extraordinary, has built up one of the most successful businesses of its kind while being affiliated with, and active in practically every civic venture in his city within the last 20 years. Mr. Gaynor's life of extraordinary civic activity was inspired by his election to the Rotary Club in 1912. Since that time he has served in practically every office of the club, including that of president.

Ralph Gaynor probably is the best known man in Sioux City, Iowa. He is not numbered among the richest, most sensational or most eloquent, but he is numbered among those most willing to work when there is something of a civic nature to be done. It doesn't matter whether it directly benefits him or not. He maintains that anything that helps his city also helps him. His election last month to the presidency of the Interstate Fair, one of the largest independent fairs in the United States, was not a surprise to any one, because whenever the need arises of finding a man to actively head most any civic organization, eyes always turn to Mr. Gaynor. Sometimes he has had too many activities to take a presidency at the time asked, but he is always placed on the waiting list for we know and he knows that some day he will take it.

The man who says he hasn't time for civic affairs is going to find himself some day with an important proposition needing the help of others. "Unless you are in sympathy with the work of others," says Mr. Gaynor, "you are not going to find others in sympathy with your work."

How can a man serve his community in all its activities and yet be a success in business? is a question frequently asked of business men. Mr. Gaynor does not believe that success can be measured in terms of dollars. His friends, however, will tell you that he came to Sioux City just twenty years ago last month with five dollars in his pocket, which he admitted was borrowed money, and now is the head of one of

the most successful businesses of its kind in the United States. He is a decided success not only from a community standpoint, but from a financial standpoint as well.

"The greatest influence any young man can have in life is his mother and father," says Mr. Gaynor, "a mother who is in sympathy with him, and a father who is a real pal to him. I remember playing with my father in preference to other boys. He was somewhat of an athlete himself and would run, jump, box, and wrestle with me any time I felt like playing. To this day my greatest thrill is in letting my father and mother who are still living, know of some success that I have had. I always have felt that the teachings of my mother have been the guiding spirit in my civic activity. She always told me that 'a good name is far better than great riches.'"

It was in Silver Cliff, Colorado, that Ralph A. Gaynor, son of an Episcopal clergyman, was born in a log cabin 42 years ago. As clergymen did in those days, the family moved from place to place, never spending over two or three years in a community. From Colorado they moved to Boone, Iowa, in 1886.

A few years in Iowa and the Gaynor family moved to Missouri. A few years in Nevada, Mo., and a few years in Warrensburg, were pleasant experiences for him. Being the "preacher's kid" going into a strange town every few years, it became his duty to fight and whip the village bully everywhere he went. Old-timers will tell you that Ralph was not a bad boy. In fact, he was the exception that proves the rule that preachers' boys are always bad. He was a leader in his class and entered into athletics with a spirit of sportsmanship. He attended grade schools in Warrensburg and has fond memories of the Missouri community.



Ralph Gaynor probably inherited his mania for community-service work from his father, an Episcopal "circuit-rider" who served pastorates in Colorado, Missouri, Iowa, and South Dakota. Rotarian Gaynor is a past president of the Rotary Club of Sioux City, Iowa.

Leaving Missouri the family came back to Parker, S. D., and then to LeMars, Iowa, when Ralph was 12 years old. It was in LeMars that his parents decided to make their home. At LeMars, after defeating the toughest boy, only on being provoked to fight, he entered into school life in earnest. Never a program, an entertainment or athletic event that did not have Ralph as one of its participants.

HIS ambition was to study law, but failing eyesight discouraged him, and after graduating from high school he took a clerkship in a drug store. Liking this work he saved a little money and attended Highland Park College at Des Moines long enough to pass the state pharmaceutical board and become a real druggist. The drug store was soon too small for him and he went on the road selling.

While selling in Sioux City he won a place in the heart of a Sioux City man who later sent for him to travel for him. The new connection was a combination retail and wholesale drug store with Mr. Gaynor representing the wholesale end. Following a fire in

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Nominees for Rotary Offices

Nominee for Rotary Office



For President
TOM J. DAVIS
of Butte,
Montana
is nominated by
Butte,
Montana

Western Union Telegram
BUTTE, MONT.

CHESLEY R. PERRY
SECRETARY
ROTARY INTERNATIONAL, CHICAGO, ILL.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE THAT BUTTE ROTARY OF MONTANA WILL NOMINATE FOR INTERNATIONAL PRESIDENT TOM J DAVIS AT DENVER CONVENTION STOP THE FOLLOWING INFORMATION CONCERNS HIM STOP TOM HAS BEEN PRESIDENT OF BUTTE ROTARY WAS DISTRICT GOVERNOR OF THE OLD TWENTIETH CONSISTING OF MONTANA IDAHO AND UTAH IN NINETEEN TWENTY TWO SERVED UNDER PIERCE AND CRADDICK ON CLASSIFICATION COMMITTEE IN TWENTY FOUR AND TWENTY FIVE WAS ELECTED THIRD VICE PRESIDENT ROTARY INTERNATIONAL AT TORONTO CONVENTION WAS CHAIRMAN OF ELECTION OF CLUBS COMMITTEE WAS MEMBER BY LAWS COMMITTEE UNDER ADAMS HAS BEEN MEMBER OF AND SERVED ROTARY IN MANY CAPACITIES FOR THE PAST ELEVEN YEARS STOP WILL YOU PLEASE PUT THESE FACTS IN FORM FOR THE NOTICE WHICH IS TO APPEAR IN THE ISSUE OF THE ROTARIAN ANNOUNCING CANDIDATES FOR INTERNATIONAL OFFICES STOP PHOTO MAILED.

B A BENTON PRESIDENT
BUTTE ROTARY CLUB

Notices of Nominations

OFFICIAL CERTIFICATE: I, CHESLEY R. PERRY, Secretary of Rotary International, make this certificate of pre-convention notice of purpose to nominate a candidate for the office of President of Rotary International, to be voted upon at the election to be held at the Seventeenth Annual Convention of Rotary International in Denver, Colorado, U. S. A., June 14th to 18th, 1926.

Section 2 of Article IX of the By-Laws of Rotary International, entitled "Nominations—Notices," provides:

"Any member club may, subject to the provisions of the constitution, during the month of March preceding the annual International Convention, give notice of its intention to nominate one candidate for each one or for any one of the following offices: President, seven Directors, Treasurer, and shall forward such notice to the Secretary of Rotary International in time for it to reach his office not later than the first day of April.

"All notices of nominations so given and received, together with such data concerning each candidate as may be submitted, shall be published in the May issue of THE ROTARIAN and such other publications as the Board of Directors of Rotary International shall determine, provided the space allotment to each candidate shall not exceed six inches of one column exclusive of his photograph and the designation of office. All photograph plates shall be uniform in size and shape as prescribed by the Board of Directors."

The accompanying notice of purpose to nominate which is published in this issue of THE ROTARIAN was received at the office of the Secretary within the time provided and in the manner prescribed. This is the only notice so received.

For the office of President

TOM J. DAVIS, of Butte, Montana.

Nominated by the Rotary Club of Butte, Montana.

CHESLEY R. PERRY,

Secretary, Rotary International.

Dated, Chicago, Illinois, 2nd April, 1926

Plan to Attend Special Assemblies—Denver, Colo., June 14th to 18th

THE Denver convention will be remarkable for the number of special assemblies. These groups will discuss many matters with a thoroughness not possible in the convention hall and any Rotarian who attends one or several will find the investment of time well worth while.

Practically every major interest of Rotary clubs will receive attention at one of these fifteen or so special assemblies and group meetings. Starting with discussions of club administration matters on Tuesday afternoon the member can seek out whichever group can best serve him. On this afternoon there will also be held two assemblies for members of clubs with less than fifty members; one for members of clubs with 50 to 150 members and one for members of clubs with more than 150 members; each will

discuss administration problems of its particular class. In addition there is an International Assembly on Tuesday which will give overseas delegates a chance to participate. Each district of the U. S. and Canada will send one representative to this gathering.

On Wednesday afternoon there will be assemblies for the discussion of Business Methods, Boy's Work, Rotary Education, Crippled Children, Classification, and Urban and Rural Acquaintance—in other words—club activities.

For Thursday afternoon there are two important gatherings of somewhat different nature; the luncheon for District Governors and the International fellowship banquet. In addition there are district dinners, gatherings of club officers, and those assemblies by classification or association that may be arranged later.



AMONG OUR LETTERS



Individuality

TO THE EDITOR:

The editorial in the current issue of THE ROTARIAN on first names was right to the point and should be very helpful to many Rotarians who sometimes, I fear, have a misunderstanding of Rotary fellowship.

I believe that one of the things new clubs should be advised on, is that Rotary membership is given on a basis of individuality. Men differ in that and every man, no matter whether we think of it in the theoretical way or not, is not fitted for every kind of club service.

We have men in our club who could not, in fact would relinquish their membership, if compelled to do something they were not fitted for. We also have men whose first name is not easy to say and whom it is much easier to call Mister. Then, too, I have believed and practiced, that when in a Rotary meeting, I may call you "Ches," or "Don," elsewhere I may have to approach you through perhaps some office man or woman, and I believe common sense and courtesy demands that I should refer to you as Mr. Perry or Mr. Adams, as the case may be.

I have often felt that some Rotarians get the theory of Rotary as being that place where everything of custom is broken down and we just let loose with the new idea of Bill, Dick, etc., and when taken that way, to my mind, it lacks respect and, after all, first name or Mister, respect should be the basis of fellowship in Rotary as out of it.

This is my personal appreciation of your editorial and I hope it bears fruit.

W. R. ELLIS,

Secretary, Rotary Club of Utica, N. Y.

Forced Friendship

TO THE EDITOR:

Your editorial on the use of first names in Rotary, in the April issue, is most timely and interesting to me. During the four years that I have been a Rotarian I have time and again heard it stated that the use of the first name is obligatory. Only this week while attending another club than my own a past president in welcoming new Rotarians stressed the point that failure to use the first name made one liable to fine, etc.

Letters discussing questions of special interest to Rotarians are invited by the Editors and as many as possible will be printed each month. Representing the personal opinions of the writers, the Editors and Publishers are not responsible for statements made.

I enjoy having friendships that result in the natural use of the first name, but I have always felt that this use by Rotarians who are total strangers is forced, and ridiculous. It frequently leads to an embarrassing situation in spite of attempts to avoid it. The use of the first name among the members of the same club should not be difficult in time as members become well acquainted, but its use amongst strangers is silly.

Just recently I spent a few weeks in the South. While there I attended Rotary meetings and an incident occurred which emphasized this point. A member of the Rotary Club, whom I had just met on business matters, insisted upon using the first names. Another gentleman, upon hearing the reason for this use of my first name quietly remarked, "Well, there are more ways than one of becoming familiar."

ROY H. MINTON.

Perth Amboy, N. J., Rotary Club.

Not An Obligation

TO THE EDITOR:

We're very glad that the Secretary of Rotary International wrote the editorial that he did in THE ROTARIAN for April. Every Rotarian should read it.

We have never believed that it was obligatory upon us as Rotarians to force ourselves to call a man by his first name just because we happened to belong to the same organization. We've done it away from home sometimes when it nearly choked us to do it. Personally we like the attitude of your editorial, and believe that it thoroughly agrees with what Rotary really is.

Member, Rotary Club of Plainview, Texas.

Slap-Stick Familiarity

TO THE EDITOR:

Permit me to compliment you and to congratulate you anent your timely editorial appearing on page 5 of the April number of THE ROTARIAN. One of the things that gives casual observers a wrong impression of Rotary is what has been termed "slap-stick familiarity," rather indiscriminately indulged in and which does nothing to enhance the personal dignity of Rotarians or to assist in the achievement of Rotary's objects.

JAMES P. ROE,

Rotary Club of New York, N. Y.

One-Sided Loyalty

TO THE EDITOR:

All of us have sat in many meetings of our Rotary club where there have been discussions of various phases of the employment problem.

Many members of the Rotary club all over the world are large employers of labor, who have in their employ men and women that are daily and hourly striving to the best of their ability, in the sense of soundest loyalty to the institution for which they are working, to do the best that is in them, to accomplish the most work during their hours of toil.

In going among employees, as has been my privilege for a number of years, I have but seldom come across anyone, or a group of men, who are maliciously trying to undermine an institution. Of course there are some, and in the more populated sections there are undeniably larger groups that have that as their ultimate aim, but I would like to just briefly say a few words about that large group of employees, that through faithful performance of their duties from day to day, give practical expression to the word "Loyalty," and it is one of the remarkable things that speaks volumes for the perpetuation, in the United States, of our Government, our States, our Counties, our Cities, the American home circle, etc.

Many of us are prone to think that when we are absent from the factory or the store or the warehouse, that we can absolutely depend upon the minutest detail of our business being looked

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EDITORIAL COMMENT

"Intestinal Equipment"

IT is said that a rather squeamish female proof-reader once discovered that homely Anglo-Saxon word "guts" in a reporter's copy. Promptly she substituted "intestinal equipment" for the offending word. Intentionally or otherwise there seems to be a good deal of such substitution going on at present. In theory, if not in practice, we are substituting for words that we do not like, other words having a somewhat similar but more polite connotation.

Take the word "crime" for instance—it is one that figures rather prominently in the American press at present. We are applying a whole flock of synonyms for this word—but we do not change the fact. The body on the cold marble slab at the morgue stays there just the same. No sentimental pleading, no talk of "aberration," "environment," "heredity," "thyroid glands," restores life to any of the 10,000 folk murdered in the United States in one year.

Granting the justice of recognizing all factors that enter into a crime, is it of any particular help to merely shed tears instead of putting the criminal under such surveillance that there can be no repetition of his act against society?

The sooner Americans recognize that crime is an industry organized, promoted, recruited for, and often handled with more efficiency than is shown in its suppression, the better chance there is of making that suppression effective.

Statistics secured by the Missouri Association for Criminal Justice show that Philadelphia, Chicago, St. Louis, and Kansas City had a total of 568 murders in 1923 while London with a population of 1,000,000 more than the combined population of these four cities had only 27.

Granting that the relatively small size of England and its practically homogeneous population are natural advantages on the side of justice, the comparison gives Americans no cause for pride.

By way of a start there might be a codifying of the 106,000,000 State laws; abolishment of professional bondsmen; more care in the extension of paroles; the reduction of legal technicalities; a curb of the misuse of the change-of-venue system and long continuances; and a little more "intestinal equipment" for the average American taxpayer.

Budgets and Business

BUDGETING is rapidly becoming as common a business term as profit and loss, with both of which it appears to have much to do, according to a report of the Department of Manufacture of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States.

The survey discloses that industries have many methods of budget control but the purpose is always the

same,—the projection of business planning into the future. It gives the essence of the practice of a number of large representative companies as a guide to others.

"A distinction between the budgetary practices of industrial companies and the federal government," says the report, "will be noted from the descriptions of the plans of representative companies. In the case of the federal government definite sums are appropriated for the various departments. In the case of corporations, budgetary amounts are in the nature of standards against which actual results are compared. It is true that frequently in the case of advertising and new construction, funds are definitely established but this is not the case of the budgets for the several operating departments."

Although methods of corporation budgeting differ, the conclusion is virtually universal that it pays.

Moreover, the increasing use of budgets mark constant advance in better business management.

Rotary Is Revolutionary

WE DARE to say this even though it may frighten some timid people. Rotary recognizes traders and trading, shopkeepers and retailing, manufacturing, wholesaling, jobbing, distributing, selling—all forms of business—as intrinsically worthy and, when properly engaged in, as dignified callings. Rotary seats the bar-rister, the banker, the baker (but not the burglar), at the same table and there they meet in equality. A few years ago that was a revolutionary idea everywhere. It still is in many places. Rotarians do not dash about with guns and torches in their hands but they are upsetting some of the conventionalities of society. They are neither "reds" nor "pinks" but sane, modern men who recognize an old philosophy of living and are applying it to everyday life.

Snowflakes

A LATE blizzard swept the southern half of North America recently. For days trains were delayed or stalled completely, city traffic was in a tangle, and individual householders were expressing their civic pride with snow-shovel and ice-chopper.

And all of this was caused by what? By tiny little white flakes that a babe might shatter with a finger—but when these fragments of frozen water collect fast enough a huge snow-plow will not move the mass.

With all of his inventions man is still far from being the master of his environment, and one small snowflake could cool a lot of false pride.

ROTARY CLUB ACTIVITIES

"I'll put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes."—Midsummer Night's Dream.



Recently a party of thirty British Rotarians, their wives, and other members of their families, sailed from Southampton to South Africa. The above photograph shows the visitors being entertained at luncheon by the Rotary Club of Cape Town. Their itinerary also included Port Elizabeth, Durban, Pietermaritzburg, Johannesburg, Pretoria, Bloemfontein and Kimberly, with several visits to diamond mines.

Boys' Brigade Gets \$35,000 Home

SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA.—Lord Stonehaven, Governor General of the Commonwealth, was driven to the entrance of a three-story building. A police band blared, a guard of honor from the Field Artillery snapped to the "present." The Governor was received by a committee, delivered a short speech—declared the hall open. The Boys' Brigade had received a home costing more than \$35,000.

A tour of inspection showed that there was a fine gymnasium in the basement; game rooms, reading-rooms and a library above.

Local Rotarians whose efforts had raised \$60,000 for the welfare of the boys of their city were very happy. The Sydney Rotarians are also taking an active interest in the Memorial Avenue at the Federal capital. It is to have trees planted three abreast for a distance of about two miles, and it is hoped there will be at least one tree provided by each of the 150 members of the club.

Find Many of the Ties That Bind

BRADFORD, PA.—An international program given here by Rotarians celebrating the twenty-first birthday of their organization was remarkable for the number of bonds discovered and created between men of different countries. First, Bradford has the same name as the English town where President Charles E. White, of R. I. B. I. was born, and the local club had a special message from him. Second, Bradford is in the twenty-seventh Rotary District which stretches from Kane, Pa., to beyond North Bay, Canada; and the local men heard an inspiring talk by Owen Herrity of Belleville, Ont. Third, the whole program was prepared by George Bovaird who hails from Glasgow, Scotland, so that Highland dances and quotations from Burns were given a place. During the evening the club president, W. J. Fredericks, M. D., was presented with a sterling silver cup in recognition of his excellent leadership for the year.

Sixth Object Is Theme Of Anniversary Talk

TOKYO, JAPAN.—At their anniversary meeting, Tokyo Rotarians were hosts to visiting members from twenty-one American clubs and one Canadian club. Three round-the-world cruisers happened to be in Japanese waters at the same time—hence the unusually large number of guests from other lands. Three years ago Tokyo Rotary invited members of the diplomatic corps to attend their anniversary; the following year they asked business men; and this year the newspaper men were favored. There were many international greetings, and messages were sent by Baron Shidehara, Minister for Foreign Affairs, and Charles MacVeagh, Ambassador of the United States.

Yusuke Tsurumi, recently returned from a lecture tour in the U. S., stated that his observations on both sides of the Pacific made him realize that international friendship was not so much an affair of nations as nations, but of one individual and another. Real friend-



The occasion for the smiles? The Rotary Club of Youngstown, Ohio, recently celebrated the final payment on the Home for Crippled Children by burning the mortgage. The purchase price of the Home was practically raised by the club through four annual minstrel shows which netted a total profit of \$29,000. The Home which is open to children regardless of color and creed is said to be the most complete of its kind in the State.

ship, he believed, had to be based on cold reasoning backed by emotion—on unvarnished facts which revealed both the good and bad sides of any races. As a sample of international misunderstanding, he said that he had frequently been asked if it were not true that Japanese banks had to employ Chinese tellers because Japanese could not be trusted?

Next came an address by Mr. Moto-sada Zumaoto, president of the International Journalists Association. He said: "I like the Rotary philosophy, it embodies the fundamental principles of human conduct which the great teachers of all ages, East or West, are agreed in regarding as essential for the regulation of relationship between men and also between nations. . . . It exact-

ly expresses the spirit of Buddhism, and such I believe was also originally the teaching of Christ. When people are properly imbued with the self-denying spirit of your motto there will be no disorder in any community and no war between nations. Rotary, then, is not a mere club where people come together to eat weekly luncheons. It is nothing less than an ethical institution, nay, it is almost a religious fraternity of noble aims and great possible usefulness in the cause of peace and progress." He described Christianity as sometimes "masterful, exclusive, and imperialistic" and many missionaries as mischief-makers disregarding the great moral and religious forces that have built up a noble civilization. He continued, "it is in this emergency that Rotary has

come to the East with its motto of "Service Above Self." The suppression of self is the central idea of Buddha's teaching and so our popular saying teaches us that "mercy benefits the giver more than the recipient." Rotary creed is our creed; Rotary philosophy, our philosophy. It is open-minded, it is humble and tolerant in spirit and harmony is its aim. I therefore hail Rotary as a potent force of un-mixed good in the interest of peace between the East and West."

Next came Dr. Juichi Soyeda, president of the Japanese Press Association. He said that while he himself fully realized the shortcomings of present day newspapers, the newspaper could not rise above the level of the standard of morality of the day. Running a newspaper was now a business and if they should perch too high they could not be sold. They must print the kind of news most people desire to read. "We are trying hard to elevate and enlighten the public, but passively we are merely reflecting the actual condition of social morality; and I sincerely hope you will all cooperate with the press in making the world a better place to live in."

Special Commissioner Yoneyama made the closing speech, giving his explanation of Rotary and a history of the Tokyo club in both English and Japanese. Hearty thanks from the tourists and the singing of "Auld Lang Syne" to the accompaniment of a military band brought the interesting program to an end.

Minstrel Show Brings \$685 For Scout Work

GREENEVILLE, TENN.—What is declared to have been the most successful benefit performance ever staged in this town was the minstrel show and musical revue put on by local Rotarians with some outside help. The club had pledged \$750 toward the expenses of a Scout council in neighboring counties and the entertainment netted \$685. Every one of the 800 seats was taken and all available standing space was also used.

Club Proteges Win Many Prizes

MARSHALL, TEXAS.—Seven agricultural clubs were organized by the county agent; three of which were sponsored by the Marshall Rotary Club, the others by the Lions and Kiwanis Clubs. Eighty-three personal visits were made; twenty-five letters written; and \$350 loaned by Rotarians who were helping these boys and girls. In addition twenty-eight Rotarians attended meetings of the agricultural clubs and several Rotarians gave appropriate addresses. In addition the civic clubs offered a cup for the rural club making the best

showing, and consideration for this prize was based on compliance with the following five points: First, a complete record book of methods, expenses, etc., to be turned over to the county agent at the end of the club year; second, attendance at all club meetings; third, finished club projects; fourth, exhibits at the county fair; fifth, net returns from projects. The seven clubs had a membership of sixty-three and fifty-nine boys turned in reports. These boys made a total profit of \$5,170 on their products and some of them showed results considerably above the average. One lad secured more than two bales of cotton from his acre; another had more than fifty - eight bushels of corn from his. Forty-seven of the boys had exhibits at the county fair and won a total of \$532 in prizes, premiums, and trips.

Policemen Are Guests Of Club

MERIDIAN, MISS.—Rotary Club No. 202 has enjoyed several good programs but perhaps the best-liked of the recent ones was Police Day. It was found that the local policemen had never been

entertained by any civic club—so a special program was arranged and the whole force was invited. A good speaker welcomed them and let them know that their importance was recognized. Then a mock court was held. Two Rotarians borrowed police coats and caps and made "arrests." The offenders were haled to trial straight off and the charges and sentences were equally interesting.

Minstrel Show Nets \$1500 For Student Fund

JACKSONVILLE, TEXAS. — Rotarians and Rotary Anns of Club No. 928 put on an elaborate minstrel show for the benefit of their student loan fund. When the last of the plantation melodies had been sung it was found that there would be another \$1500 to help the ambitious youngsters.

Quiz Tests Knowledge Of Members

ROBINSON, ILL.—The membership of the local Rotary club was divided into two groups each with a captain in charge. Questions and answers concerning the history and principles of Rotary were mimeographed and distributed. Each captain called his team together for study. Attendance on the study night as well as the final night was figured in the final score together with the number of questions answered correctly. The teams were lined up on opposite sides of the room and questions went from side to side alternately. Preparation had been thorough and the winning team furnished the correct an-

swer to one more question than their opponents. Three of the questions were particularly pointed: (1) What have you, personally, got from Rotary? (2) What have you, personally, put into Rotary besides attending meetings? (3) What do you suggest for improving the Robinson Rotary Club?

Celebrate Rotary's Majority With International Good-Will

WINNEPEG, MAN.—The annual International Good-Will meeting of Winnipeg Rotary was also a celebration of Rotary's twenty-first birthday and a huge birthday cake was cut by the two youngest Rotarians present. Visiting members from twenty-eight other clubs came from points of Canada and the United States. Consular representatives of the United States, France, Denmark, Norway, Switzerland, The Netherlands, and Mexico were also present. Sir James Aikins, Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba delivered an eloquent address which was followed by an admirable interpretation of Rotary's Sixth Object given by Crawford McCullough, Past International President. Dr. McCullough was presented with a handsome case of pipes—the gift of Winnipeg Rotarians.

Slogan Board Keeps Ideals Before Members

MARIETTA, OHIO.—A Rotary wheel slogan board is one of the methods employed by the education committee of the Marietta Rotary Club to present the organization's ideas and ideals. It is a



This cabin built by the Rotarians of Kelso-Longview (Wash.) for the use of the boys and girls of the county, is located in a maple grove about four miles from both towns. Beside it runs a mountain stream which furnishes drinking water the year around. A dam to be constructed this summer will furnish the cabin with power for electrical appliances. President Fred Hess and Rotarian Jim Tasker, contractor and local Boy Scout Master were largely responsible for the undertaking.



This is Miss Jean Miller who won first prize for the best costume depicting Rotary International at the Kiddies Ice Carnival staged by the Rotary Club of Swift Current, Sask.



The Rotarians of Montana have been selected to officially open Yellowstone Park this year. The opening ceremonies, which will take place at Gardiner, the original entrance to the Park, are scheduled for June 18th, the day Rotary International closes its Convention at Denver. The opening date has been set forward a few days in order that the several thousand Rotarians who have already made reservations may find the Park in its best dress and its hotel and camp system functioning with mid-season regularity.

square walnut board with the emblem sawed out and the space covered with a glass. Slogans are lettered on cardboard and slipped into the frame—the placards being changed every week. About twenty different slogans have been used so far, the aim being to get over some pithy expression of a fundamental Rotary idea.

Entertain State Convention Of Hi-Y Clubs

GRAFTON, W. VA.—The local Rotarians were hosts of a State Convention of Hi-Y boys held March 27th. At the dinner in the Rotary meeting-place addresses were given by both high-school boys and Rotarians, and among the guests were several prominent Y officials of the State. District Governor Jed Robinson was the toastmaster.

A Marine Engineer Interprets Rotary

"S.S. BELGENLAND."—Rotary "travel clubs" are nothing new, but perhaps the six members of one such club formed while the "S.S. Belgenland" was on a world tour have gained a new idea of their organization through the speech delivered by Chief Engineer J. Russell Mackay. Speaking of the Rotary emblem, he said:

It recalled a sequence of thoughts which occurred to me while I was chief engineer of a vessel driven by geared turbines. In that vessel was a small toothed wheel on the turbine shaft which geared with a large wheel on the

propeller shaft. The combination was the most efficient which could be designed, because a turbine, to be efficient, should run at high speed, whilst a propeller is most efficient at comparatively slow speed. There was a continuous jet of oil at high pressure playing upon the teeth where the wheels geared, to reduce the friction and consequent wear of the teeth. When in port I examined the teeth on the small wheel and thought how each of them, as they flew around, had to bear for a moment the strain of driving that big ship with its precious burden. It occurred to me that each of those little teeth was like the men who carry on the work of the world. We bear the strain for the moment of time, which is ours, in the sweep of eternity. May we all be given strength to bear the strain worthily, so that no act of ours will cause our neighbors, the other little teeth in the geared wheels of Commerce and Life, to take more than their share of the burden, perchance more than they can bear; so that disaster follows.

The Rotarians present included Charles D. Simeral, a former district

governor, and Peter T. Wright, an umpire in the Davis cup matches.

The Charter Was Presented In Spite of Difficulties

ROUNDUP, MONT.—The charter meeting of the Rotary Club of Roundup was called to order by Rotarian W. M. Johnston of Billings, who announced that he was officiating in the absence of District Governor Henry Gatley, who was ill; that Bob Elting, who had been designated to act in the Governor's stead, was also ill; and so "this honor comes to me by the grape-vine route." But the charter meeting was a complete success despite these unavoidable absences. The singing of the Billings octet and the Zoller trio, the messages from Anaconda, Billings, Miles City, Butte, and Lewiston, and the explanation of Rotary given by Past Governor Alfred Atkinson all helped to make the gathering memorable.

Take Boys' Band To District Conference

LAFAYETTE, LA.—The local Rotary club led its district in attendance for two of the five years the club has been in operation. It is still maintaining a high average despite its increased membership. In addition the club developed a 60-piece boys' band. There are 30 boys in the advanced class and 30 beginners. The club bought instruments

EVERY once in a while we see a Rotary publication that seems worth special comment. The conference issue of "The Rotary Propeller"—Harvey Kendall, editor,—is evidence that the members of the Rotary Club of Lincoln, Nebraska, know how to set forth their city's good points in an effective manner. This is a 36-page issue with many illustrations in sepia and an appropriate cover in four colors. Rotary material of general public interest was used and presented through the medium of pleasing and effective typography. There were messages from various leaders, the conference program, general information, and news of the various clubs of the Nineteenth District.

and uniforms, and each member subscribes 25 cents per week to the maintenance of the band. These boys were at the Toronto convention and at the recent district conference at Shreveport.

Organize Another Travel Club

"S.S. CALIFORNIA."—When this ship was outward bound from New York to the West Indies the twenty-four Rotarians on board assembled in the veranda cafe and organized a temporary club. Twelve States were represented in the membership of this club, which had as its president Edwin C. May of Pittsburgh, Pa., and as its secretary Frank Stiles of Detroit, Mich.

Two-Thirds of Membership Are "Graduated"

PINE BLUFF, ARK.—Once more the "Rotary school" proved its usefulness when 71 of the 93 members of Pine Bluff Rotary received their "diplomas" from a past president after the "commencement address" by Carl Faust, Director of Rotary International. "Honor certificates" for perfect attendance were awarded to 49 of the 71. The "curriculum" was divided into four parts, and the club into two classes. Each lesson was gone over twice, on the Tuesday and the Friday night of each

of the four weeks. Thus the member of one class who missed a session could make it up with the other class. Classes began at 7:30 and were scheduled to run till 9:30—but often the discussion lasted till 10:30. Close check was kept on the attendance and absentees gently reproved by letter. At the close of the four-week course the "faculty" held special sessions in different rooms to give the members who had missed some particular lesson an opportunity to make it up. Only 10 of the 93 members failed to attend some session, and of these only 3 were A. W. O. L.

At each of the three club meetings preceding the school session there was a ten-minute talk on the school, its purpose, the course, and its benefits. The results may be summarized in the comment of one member: "I learned more about Rotary during this Rotary school than I ever imagined there was to Rotary."

All's Well That Ends Well

ARKANSAS CITY, KANSAS.—Local Rotarians were the guests of their fellows at Pawhuska, Okla., at a very pleasant inter-city meeting. Some 85 Rotarians and Rotary Anns, including District Governor John Dexter and Past District Governor Bert Faulkner, boarded the special train. After the usual exchange of felicitations the Arkansas City Rotarians took charge of the program, and after the dinner and dance the visitors left for home.

But the trip home was interrupted when the engine jumped the track at a point eight miles from Arkansas City. A Rotarian and the conductor borrowed a farmer's car, drove to town, and after several hurried conferences arrangements were completed and another train was dispatched and the Rotarians got home tired but happy at 5 a. m. "All's well that ends well."



Chief Plenty Coos invites all Rotarians to journey with him on June 25th next to General Custer's battlefields in Southern Montana to participate in impressive ceremonies incident to the semi-centennial anniversary of the Battle of the Little Big Horn. Plenty Coos, chief of the Crows, who is in his seventy-eighth year, was selected to represent all American Indian Tribes at the burial of the Unknown Soldier at Washington, D. C., in 1921.

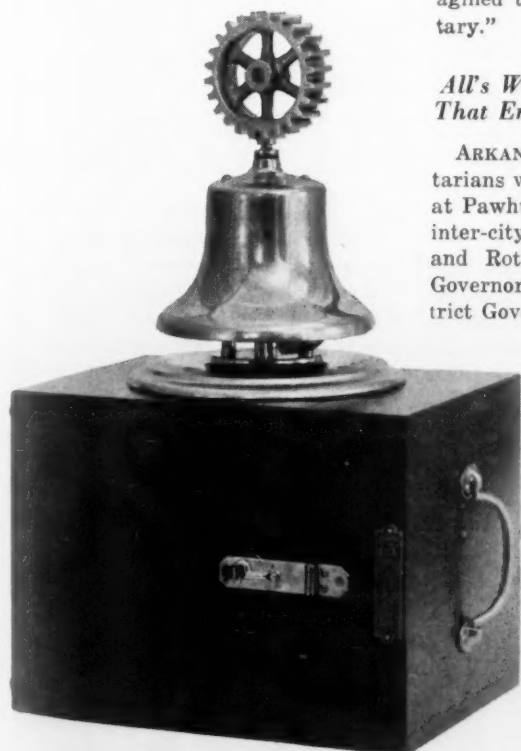
Boys' Band Has Eighty Members

HOPE, ARK.—About a year ago the boys work committee of the local Rotary club went into action to get a 100 per cent boys' band. With the cooperation of the Chamber of Commerce the project took form and today the band has eighty members. The various churches frequently turn to the band for special music and a high-school orchestra has been formed among the boys. The club plans to undertake other boys work.

Give the Farmer a Chance To Express Himself

JEFFERSON, IOWA.—For two years the local Rotary club has been holding joint meetings with the Farm Bureau and on several occasions has entertained the county and township officers. The business men have tried to show their interest in the farmers, and have occasionally arranged for the farmers to present the program, to tell what

(Continued on page 52)



The Rotary Club of Concord, N. H., was recently presented with this attractive bell. It is fashioned after an old English formula which is understood to be used by leading bell founders in all parts of the world.

HE PROFITS MOST

With the Poets

WHO SERVES BEST

A MOTHER'S LOVE

By Mary Davis Reed

WHAT is this love of which they sing?
 'Tis a noble, pure, and tender thing;
 Warm as the heart of yon dancing flame;
 Loyal, steadfast, forever the same.
 Soft as the touch of an angel's wing;
 Sweet as the violet's breath in spring;
 Valiant, if there be need to defend;
 Patient and trusting unto the end.
 The truest love on earth that's given,—
 Reflecting that which is known in Heaven.
 God linked this world to His throne above
 When He blessed us with a mother's love.
 Cumberland, Maryland.

ONE DAY AWAKE

By L. E. Robinson

IT could not happen every day,
 Not even in the month of May;
 It came the first month of the year,
 The sky's deep blue was warm and clear;
 A crust of snow still on the ground
 Was flecked with sunbeams, with no sound.
 All Nature's brood—at peace that day:
 Her winds, entranced, forgot to play.
 'Twas January, deep in dream!
 A dream so pure and exquisite
 A frisky squirrel, watching it,
 Unconscious of the mystic stream
 Of golden moments speeding by,
 Gave up to Nature's lullaby;
 And my full task had stayed its doing
 To watch the universal wooing.

I'd never felt a day before!
 We live as sleepers on the shore
 Of Time, and miss the argosies
 That pass full laden on its seas;
 We live within ourselves, apace,
 Unheeding of God's days of grace:
 How each itself still strives to bring
 Us out of winter into spring.

Would it might happen so again!
 That I should find myself a-stream
 The cosmic circle's golden dream—
 Amid the universal reign
 Of beauty—and should spy
 Some frisky squirrel's raptured eye:
 I'd think that day a glimpse might be
 Of waking mind's eternity.
 Monmouth, Ill.

EXEGESIS

By Thomas R. Jones

FOR you, my lad, the road lies up,
 And I'll not bid you longer stay;
 Young blood thirsts for the stirrup cup
 And you must be upon your way;
 So, as you chance fell circumstance,
 Mark you this, I pray:
 It isn't what you'll see with your eyes
 That will make you great, or good
 or wise;
 It isn't the valorous deeds of hand,
 They'll tell you of by sea and land,
 But having seen and having heard,
 That you will understand.
 The Devil's smile and the trickster's tale,
 The glittering gold in Mammon's till,
 The love that lures and then grows stale,
 Shall you know, my lad, if they're
 good or ill?
 So, as you ride, far from my side,
 Out of my heart I say:

It isn't the goal that may come to you—
 It's fighting your way with a purpose true;
 And if you fail of the world's acclaim,
 You be not bowed by a blot of shame;
 But having tried and having lost,
 That you may understand.
 And if you win your spurs, my lad,
 And scale the lofty steeps of fame,
 Your power is either good or bad—
 It's all in how you play the game.

Then let me plead, that you shall read,
 The signs along the way;

It isn't your creed—nor yet your clan,
 But how you serve your fellow-man,
 Counting as dross, the golden toll,
 By what you give them of your soul.

Thus seeing life and living it—
 My boy, you'll understand.



WHAT IS LIFE TO YOU?

TO the soldier life's a battle,
 To the teacher life's a school;
 Life's a "good thing" for the grafter,
 It's a failure to the fool.
 To the man upon the engine
 Life's a long and heavy grade;
 It's a gamble to the gambler;
 To the merchant it's a trade.

Life's a picture to the artist,
 To the rascal life's a fraud;
 Life, perhaps, is but a burden
 To the man beneath the hod.
 Life is lovely to the lover,
 To the player life's a play;
 Life may be a load of trouble
 To the man upon the dray.

Life is but a long vacation
 To the man who loves his work,
 Life's an everlasting effort
 To the ones who like to shirk,
 To the true Rotarian worker
 Life's a story ever new,
 Life is what we try to make it,
 Brother, what is life to you?
 —Author Unknown.

LITTLE FELLOW

By Will McGlumphy

HE'S just a little fellow,
 But he's bound to stretch and grow;
 And he'll be as big as Dad
 Almost sooner than you know.
 He's stepping in your footprints—
 Has almost got the stride,
 And follows in your shadow
 With a smile he cannot hide.

He's just a little fellow,
 But the future holds in store
 A life of helpful service,
 Or one you shall deplore;
 He watches every action
 And listens all the while,
 Responds to love and kindness
 With a care-free sunny smile.

He's just a little fellow—
 He needs you in his play,
 And in the little trials
 That come to him each day;
 He looks to you for guidance
 With a childish faith and trust,
 His brave heart never doubting
 That you are kind and just.

He's just a little fellow—
 Shall his faith be all in vain?
 When he looks to you in gladness,
 Shall it change to fear or pain?
 A few short years are passing
 Until he takes your place;
 You are looking in a mirror
 When you look into his face.
 Cameron, Mo.



The "19th Hole" in the Pioneer Days!



Way back in the days when golf was cutting its first teeth in Scotland and strange, new "cuss" words began to echo over hills and dales that had only known the chirp of a cricket, the "club-house" was usually the hearth of the nearest shepherd's modest cottage where many a long clay-pipe was broken in illustrating the correct stance for putting.

This lack of formality however soon had to give way to convention's strict canon that the golfer must dress for golf as well as for dinner. The flaming red coat became *de rigueur* on the golf course, but caused many an ill-timed interruption of the game by attracting the attention of some resentful bull in a nearby field.



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CUNARD TRAVELLERS' CHEQUES—THE UNIVERSAL CURRENCY FOR TRAVELLERS



This is the "menagerie section" of the Rotary circus which was sponsored by the Rotary Club of Vancouver, Washington, in behalf of the school teachers of the public schools of Vancouver

Vancouver's Circus

By Herbert J. Campbell

SCHOOL teachers in the smaller towns of the Pacific Northwest of America, somehow do not have their share of fun. The young women who dedicate their lives to education see their sisters in the offices and factories going out night after night to dances, shows, this affair or that affair, always with their friends and sweethearts. At first they wonder when the invitations are going to begin to come to them; then they accept the situation as they find it and take it for granted that the men of the community are "afraid of school teachers" and they drift into a life somewhat apart.

Rotary in Vancouver, Washington, has sensed this condition for several years and the result has been an annual entertainment for the teachers by the Rotary Club. The teachers of Vancouver have put it down as the red-letter event of the year and they begin talking about it months beforehand. One pretty teacher says: "We remember it as the one happiest evening of the long twelve months and some of us would positively give up teaching if we didn't have this to look forward to each year."

One year it was a dance; another year it was a big Hallowe'en party, with a dance and a dinner; another year it was a big affair filled with all sorts of pranks—but it is the 1925 entertainment I'm going to describe for the benefit of other Rotary Clubs.

It was early in September that Rotarian Dwight Parish, chairman of the entertainment committee, told the members that this year there was to be a circus. Now our chairman has a way with him which insures co-operation. He it was who planned the Vancouver club stunt for the Tacoma district convention three years ago and who thereby won undying fame all through District Number 1. Again it was our chairman who was called upon to write, direct, and produce the beautiful pageant, "The Coming of the White Man," for Vancouver's Centennial celebration in August of last year.

Of course, I am saying nothing new when I emphasize that the success of any Rotary club activity depends to a large extent upon the right man being appointed as chairman. It was true in our case. So when Dwight Parish called for members who would get in and work for the success of a circus,

every Rotarian in the club rose to his feet, and there weren't any except the members of the board who had more than a faint idea of what the chairman contemplated.

The next week a report of progress was presented to the club, there was a special song which had been written for the occasion, and our versatile chairman turned instructor and began teaching the words and melody to the members. Then he mysteriously reached back of the piano and produced what he called a "float." It was a miniature wagon, made of a strawberry crate, with tiny wheels attached and all bedecked with colored papers and ribbons. On this particular float which he said would be his entry in the grand parade, he had mounted a huge pair of glasses (he is an optician) with his name and classification thereon, in large letters. That, he said, was a model for everyone to copy in general, and to each member was given a strawberry crate and a set of tiny wheels with instructions for each to build a "float" whereby he might introduce himself.

Everyone began to realize that there was considerable work ahead. The fol-

(Continued on page 56)

A THOROUGHbred OF THE ATLANTIC

THE BELGENLAND



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A game of bridge in the luxurious lounge of the Belgenland where the indoor life of the voyage centers.



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Every modern appointment for luxurious ocean travel is found on the *Belgenland*. She is a ship of real personality and charm. "A second *Olympic*," she is often called.

The *Lapland* has a host of friends, experienced travelers who delight in the refinement of her rich interiors, her unexcelled cuisine, her steadiness at sea.

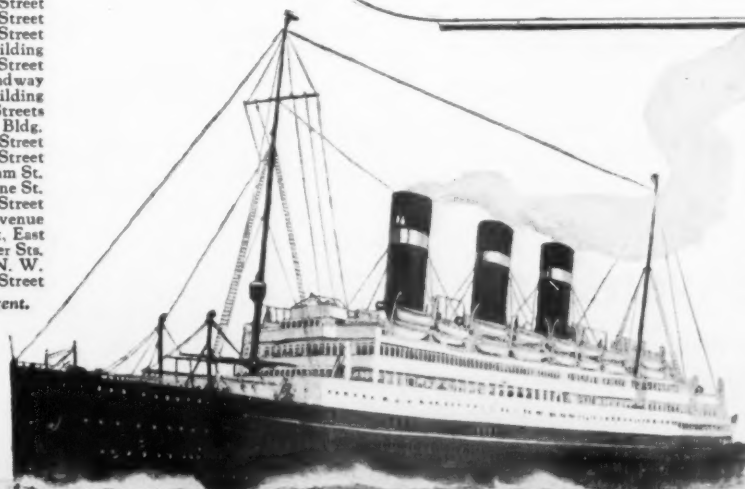
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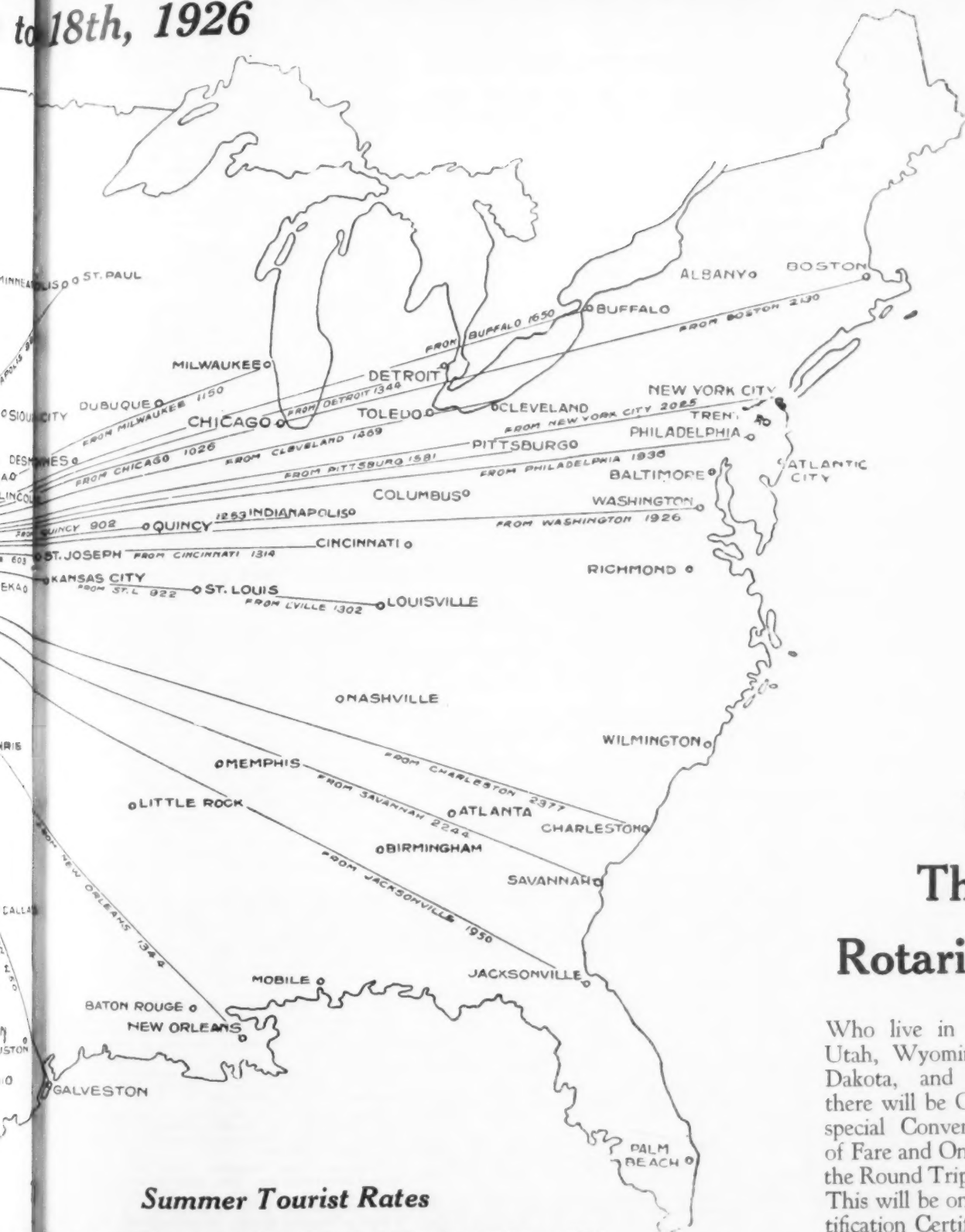
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NEW ROTARY CLUBS

WADSWORTH, Ohio. Club No. 2133. Special Representative: M. S. Yoder of Barberton; president, Glen R. Brennehan; secretary, J. Harry Keller, Jr.

Butler, New Jersey. Club No. 2134. Special Representative: Herbert Hitchcock of Boonton; president, Frank B. Whittle; secretary, Alfred C. Butfield.

Bell, California. Club No. 2135. Special Representative: Fred McClung of Huntington Park; president, W. Paul Callow; secretary, Presley E. Moore.

Uhrichsville, Ohio. Club No. 2136. Special Representative: Edward C. Schweitzer of New Philadelphia; president, George W. Reed; secretary, George C. LaPorte.

Fairfield, Illinois. Club No. 2137. Special Representative: Gale Gough of Albion; president, Andrew J. Poorman; secretary, David L. Garrison.

Cambridge Springs, Pennsylvania. Club No. 2138. Special Representative: Luke B. Carter of Titusville; president, Watson W. Lang; secretary, Donald M. Lord.

Belvidere, New Jersey. Club No. 2139. Special Representative: Dr. Joseph A. Jones of Roselle Park; president, Harry Runyon; secretary, George H. Wise.

Epsom, England. Club No. 2140. Organized under the auspices of District Council No. 12. President: Rev. E. Hitchcock; honorary secretary, H. C. Bradley.

Royal Leamington Spa, England. Club No. 2141. Organized under the auspices of District Council No. 6; president, Frank Glover; honorary secretary, W. N. Hawken.

Vienna, Austria. Club No. 2142. Organization work begun by Special Representative Frank J. Molloy of Doncaster, England, and completed by Special Commissioner Fred Warren Teale; president, Alexander Strum; secretary, George Strakosch-Feldingen.

Prague, Czecho-Slovakia. Club No. 2143. Organization work completed by Special Commissioner Fred Warren Teale; president, Dr. Antonin Sum; secretary, B. J. Pech.

Geelong, Australia. Club No. 2144. Organization work completed by Special Commissioner W. A. Osborne; president, G. G. Jobbins; Hon. secretary, T. J. Buchanan.

Malone, New York. Club No. 2145. Special Representative: W. J. Cairns of Montreal, Que., Can.; president, Harry L. McEntire; secretary, Louis G. Hoth.

Gilroy, California. Club No. 2146. Special Representative: John Crumney of San Jose; president, Elmer E. Brownell; secretary, William F. Blake.

Rittman, Ohio. Club No. 2147. Special Representative: William Herbert of Orrville; president, Rev. Robert I. Platter; secretary, Vernon A. Garver.

Waynesburg, Ohio. Club No. 2148. Special Representative: Charlie Pettis of Alliance; president, Lauren O. Bitler; secretary, Paul H. Williams.

La Mesa, California. Club No. 2149. Special Representative: Gordon L. Eby of San Diego; president, Dr. Thomas M. Cunningham; secretary, Edward C. Upp.

Wynne, Arkansas. Club No. 2150. Special Representative: Will W. Campbell of Forrest City; president, Charles S. Lemons; secretary, Jimmie T. Webb.

Hyannis, Massachusetts. Club No. 2151. Special Representative: Alfred Crocker, Jr., of Brockton; president, F. Howard Hinckley, Jr.; secretary, George H. Chase.

Loudonville, Ohio. Club No. 2152. Special Representative: Charles Cary of Millersburg; president, Dr. Gallard B. Fuller; secretary, Alfred M. Heydinger.

Cordoba, Mexico. Club No. 2153. Organization work completed by District Governor Tom Sutton; president, Leon Sanchez Arevalo; secretary, Francisco Callarisa.

Souderton, Pennsylvania. Club No. 2154. Special Representative: William A. Derstine of Quakertown; president, Edwin H. Alderfer; secretary, Romandus B. Goettler.

Nuneaton, England. Club No. 2155. Organized under the auspices of District Council No. 6; president, J. L. White; honorary secretary, Llewelyn Lewis.

Peterborough, New Hampshire. Club No. 2156. Special Representative: Eaton D. Sargent of Nashua; president, Arthur E. Goyette; secretary, Lawton Chase.

THIS list of 124 Rotary clubs, newly organized, is a continuation of the last list of newly organized clubs printed in the January Number.

The list printed this month represents nineteen different countries, the numerals representing the number of clubs organized and elected to membership: Argentina, 1; Australia, 3; Austria, 1; Cuba, 3; Czechoslovakia, 1; England, 11; France, 2; Italy, 2; Hungary, 1; Japan, 1; Mexico, 5; New Zealand, 1; Norway, 1; Portugal, 1; Scotland, 1; Spain, 1; Sweden, 1; United States, 86; Wales, 1.

Ravenna, Ohio. Club No. 2157. Special Representative: John H. Diehl of Kent; president, David L. Rockwell; secretary, Andrew H. Austin.

Camajuani, Cuba. Club No. 2158. Organization work completed by District Governor Julio H. Smith; president, Jose Tarajano; secretary, Alfredo Sanchez.

Dyersburg, Tennessee. Club No. 2159. Special Representative: H. Vasser Somerville of Paris; president, C. B. Parrish; secretary, D. Monroe Meeks.

Niles, Ohio. Club No. 2160. Special Representative: Curtis Manchester, assisted by Roy Hartzell of Youngstown; president, William G. Hurlbert; secretary, Miles Dearth.

Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio. Club No. 2161. Special Representative: John H. Diehl of Kent; president, Charles McCuskey; secretary, Lamont M. Green.

Ardmore, Pennsylvania. Club No. 2162. Special Representative: George P. Smith of Philadelphia; president, J. Elmer Watts; secretary, Albert L. Reinhold.

Moron, Cuba. Club No. 2163. Organization work completed by District Governor Julio H. Smith; president, Jose Maria Subirats Q.; secretary, Octaviano E. Rubio Ochoa.

Ripley, England. Club No. 2164. Organized under auspices of District Council No. 7; president, F. J. H. Jephson; honorary secretary, Geo. Whitcombe.

Rogersville, Tennessee. Club No. 2165. Special Representative: Dr. Pleasant L. Henderson of Morristown; president, Winfield B. Hale; secretary, Emory A. Cope.

Ambler, Pennsylvania. Club No. 2166. Special Representative: Charles F. Puff of Jenkintown; president, Howard G. Knight; secretary, Howard J. Dager.

Croswell, Michigan. Club No. 2167. Special Representative: Shirley Stewart of Port Huron; president, Dr. Neil J. McColl; secretary, Robert A. Turrel.

Olney, Texas. Club No. 2168. Special Representative: J. H. Allison of Wichita Falls; president, Maybre D. Wolverton; secretary, Ralph S. Shuffler.

Manchester, Iowa. Club No. 2169. Special Representative: Fred Adams of Waterloo; president, Al. J. Gildner; secretary, Wayne Currall.

Pittsburg, California. Club No. 2170. Special Representative: Charles G. Bird of Stockton; president, W. Maurice Casey; secretary, Armand Stow.

Lincoln, California. Club No. 2171. Special Representative: Edwin T. Robie of Auburn; president, Walter K. Jansen; secretary, Elmer J. Stokes.

North Sacramento, California. Club No. 2172. Special Representative: Jack Lynn of Sacramento; president, George D. Dunn; secretary, John T. Holden.

Frome, England. Club No. 2173. Organized under the auspices of District No. 10; president, W. F. H. Randolph; honorary secretary, Herbert W. Walwin.

Oakland, Maryland. Club No. 2174. Special Representative: George Stern of Frostburg;

president, Dr. Henry W. McComas; secretary, James A. Towler.

Point Pleasant, New Jersey. Club No. 2175. Special Representative: A. Starr Phelps of Lakewood; president, J. Fred Conover; secretary, Albert C. Fisher.

Elizabethtown, Pennsylvania. Club No. 2176. Special Representative: Horace A. Menchey of Columbia; president, J. W. Atkins; secretary, Levi C. Hershey.

Bridgend, Wales. Club No. 2177. Organized under the auspices of District Council No. 14; president, Robert Horrocks; honorary secretary, Tudor Davies.

Exmouth, England. Club No. 2178. Organized under the auspices of District Council No. 10; president, H. A. Law; honorary secretary, W. T. Godfrey.

Southgate, England. Club No. 2179. Organized under the auspices of District Council No. 13; president, G. M. Verrall Reed; honorary secretary, Robert A. Galloway.

Cuneo, Italy. Club No. 2180. Organized under the auspices of District Governor Mylius; president, Luigi Burgo; secretary, Giorgio Andreis.

Ballarat, Australia. Club No. 2181. Organized under the auspices of Special Commissioner Osborne; president, A. Levy; honorary secretary, Len Maddern.

Belmont, North Carolina. Club No. 2182. Special Representative: John R. Rankin of Gastonia; president, H. B. Gaston; secretary, A. C. Lineberger, Jr.

Wilson, Oklahoma. Club No. 2183. Special Representative: Earl A. Brown of Ardmore; president, Requa W. Bell; secretary, Arleigh Davis.

Kyoto, Japan. Club No. 2184. Organization work completed by Special Commissioner Yoneyama; president, Goichi Takeda; secretary, Takeo Inouye.

Vichy, France. Club No. 2185. Organization work completed by District Governor Marcel Franck; president, Chauchat de Benneville; secretary, Gabriel Lutz.

Pennsburg-East Greenville, Pennsylvania. Club No. 2186. Special Representative: Leroy A. Hillegass of Quakertown; president, Robert H. Shaner; secretary, Roy U. Rapp.

Woodsville, N. H. & Wells River, Vt. Club No. 2187. Special Representative: George Stoughton of Claremont; president, Raymond E. Farwell; secretary, Harold K. Davison.

Lititz, Pennsylvania. Club No. 2188. Special Representative: Claude Marble of Lititz; president, Claude Marble; secretary, Schuyler C. Hassler.

Aurora, Missouri. Club No. 2189. Special Representative: Ray A. Morrow of Springdale; president, John W. Thomas; secretary, J. Glen Caldwell.

Anbursdale, Florida. Club No. 2190. Special Representative: Charles H. Williams of Lakeland; president, James C. Morton; secretary, Leiland H. DeGraaf.

Catasauqua, Pennsylvania. Club No. 2191. Special Representative: Frank T. Hagenbuch of Allentown; president, Gustavus E. Oswald; secretary, John Edgar.

La Plata, Argentina. Club No. 2192. Organization work completed by Special Commissioner Herbert E. Coates; president, Enrique Herrero Ducloux; secretary, German E. Sempere.

Zaragoza, Spain. Club No. 2193. Organization work completed by Special Representative James H. Roth; president, Santiago Baselga; secretary, Francisco Madurga.

Parma, Italy. Club No. 2194. Organization work completed by District Governor Giorgio Mylius; president, Vincenzo Paltrinieri; secretary, Carlo de Rysky.

Kingwood, West Virginia. Club No. 2195. Special Representative: Rev. Richard Aspinwall of Terra Alta; president, Dr. George Beerbower; secretary, Charles S. Brown.

Piedras Negras, Mexico. Club No. 2196. Organization work completed by Special Representative Marcelino L. Garza; president, Ramon Arestegui; secretary, Federico Margain.

Walsenburg, Colorado. Club No. 2197. Special Representatives: W. P. Southard of Trinidad; president, S. M. Thompson; secretary, Harold Nickolds.

Pachuca, Mexico. Club No. 2198. Organization work completed by Special Representative

(Continued on page 44)

Motor Out to the Land of Sunshine and Summer Snow



Familiar Scenes in the
Rocky Mountains



Of course you will attend the Rotary International Convention in Denver next month. Come in your car and plan to spend your vacation in Colorado this summer. Improved highways all the way. Bracing days, cool nights and inspiring scenery will give you pleasures to last a lifetime. High above the summer heat and humidity of the plains you can lie down in comfort for a good night's rest with the assurance that you will wake in the morning refreshed and truthfully happy that you came to Denver one mile above the sea at the foot of the Rockies.

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(Continued from page 42)

Montague S. Turner; president, Carlos Sanchez Mejorada; secretary, Alfredo Tunon Canedo.

Downingtown, Pennsylvania. Club No. 2199. Special Representative: John Pratt of Coatesville; president, Dr. Joseph Huggins; secretary, J. Charles Nice, Jr.

Salamanca, New York. Club No. 2200. Special Representative: Perry A. Little of Buffalo; president, Dr. Philip H. Bourne; secretary, Louis G. Quackenbush.

Northville, Michigan. Club No. 2201. Special Representative: John D. LaRue of Ypsilanti; president, R. A. Brooks; secretary, J. W. McClintock.

High Springs, Florida. Club No. 2202. Special Representative: Fred Young of Lake City; president, A. F. Berry; secretary, C. M. Frink.

Blackstone, Virginia. Club No. 2203. Special representative: Henry G. Ellis of Petersburg;

president, Rives B. Hardy; secretary, William R. Jones.

Leon, Iowa. Club No. 2204. Special Representative: Charles G. Maxwell of Indianola; president, Glen D. Cooper; secretary, Ollie E. Hull.

Merida, Mexico. Club No. 2205. Organization work completed by District Governor Sutton; president, Leopoldo Riestra; secretary, Arsenio Martinez.

Masterton, New Zealand. Club No. 2206. Organization work completed by District Governor Herbert; president, General Herbert E. Hart; honorary secretary, Raymond Lee.

Malta-McConnellsville, Ohio. Club No. 2207. Special Representative: Robert L. Cole of Marietta; president, Earle Eveland; secretary, C. B. Smith.

Susanville, California. Club No. 2208. Special

Representative: Carl F. Dodge of Fallon, Nevada; president, John B. Spalding; secretary, E. L. Shirley.

Guanajuato, Mexico. Club No. 2209. Organization work completed by District Governor Sutton; president, Frank D. Votie; secretary, Abel Solorzano.

Maplewood, Missouri. Club No. 2210. Special Representative: Carl H. Holekamp of Webster Groves; president, Joshua Richmond; secretary, J. J. Bridell.

Rockhampton, Australia. Club No. 2211. Organization work completed by Special Commissioner Peter B. MacGregor; president, Joseph Kenna; honorary secretary, L. J. Cran.

Lakewood, Ohio. Club No. 2212. Special Representative: District Governor Leonard T. Skeggs of Youngstown; president, H. S. Huxtable; secretary, Thomas W. Davies.

Bedford, Ohio. Club No. 2213. Special Representative: Ed Holmes of Cleveland; president, Rev. Jasper P. Hendershot; secretary, Howard L. Brown.

Jefferson, Ohio. Club No. 2214. Special Representative: Glenn C. Webster of Geneva; president, Charles R. Sargent; secretary, Dr. Orlando L. Battles.

Vandalia, Illinois. Club No. 2215. Special Representative: Harry S. Parker of Effingham; president, Herbert H. Sonneman; secretary, J. Humphrey LeCrone.

North Wales, Pennsylvania. Club No. 2216. Special Representative: Harry H. Schultz of Lansdale; president, J. Reiff Brunner; secretary, Herbert M. LeVan.

Bloomfield, Indiana. Club No. 2217. Special Representative: Dist. Gov. Benjamin Sherwood of Bedford; president, Dennis T. Bunting; secretary, Harvey L. Hannah.

Auburn, Indiana. Club No. 2218. Special Representative: Earnest Crane of Fort Wayne; president, William H. Willenar; secretary, George S. Baxter.

Glenville, West Virginia. Club No. 2219. Special Representative: S. Paris Bell of Spencer; president, Bantz W. Craddock; secretary, Max G. Lynch.

Angers, France. Club No. 2220. Organization work completed by District Governor Franck; president, Andre Bertin; secretary, Joseph Racape.

Danielson, Connecticut. Club No. 2221. Special Representative: Ralph C. Jenkins of Putnam; president, Sabin S. Russell; secretary, Burdette C. Hopkins.

Fleetwood, England. Club No. 2222. Organized under the auspices of District Council No. 5. President: G. M. Robertson; honorary secretary, Alec Stuart Oldman.

Welwyn Garden City, England. Club No. 2223. Organized under the auspices of District Council No. 8. President: J. W. Bryce; acting honorary secretary, A. R. Pelly.

Lisbon, Portugal. Club No. 2224. Organization work completed by Special Representative James H. Roth; president, Dr. Joao Ulrich; secretary, Dr. Mario Tavares de Carvalho.

Waltham, Massachusetts. Club No. 2225. Special Representative: Wilbur E. Andrews of Watertown; president, George R. Beal; secretary, Leroy E. Sweeney.

Trondhjem, Norway. Club No. 2226. Organization work completed by Special Representative Nils Parmann; president, Bernhard Brekke; secretary, Edv. Engelson.

Garnett, Kansas. Club No. 2227. Special Representative: Frank McCarthy of Iola; president, John K. Bowman; secretary, Ernest McClure.

Palmyra-Riverton, New Jersey. Club No. 2228. Special Representative: George A. Wondor of Camden; president, Dr. Charles S. Mills; secretary, Fred W. Seeber.

Kerrville, Texas. Club No. 2229. Special Representative: Raymond Edwards of San Antonio; president, Samuel E. Thompson; secretary, L. W. McCoy.

Roundup, Montana. Club No. 2230. Special Representative: Robert C. Elting of Billings; president, J. G. Reitsch; secretary, H. A. Theda.

Rahway, New Jersey. Club No. 2231. Special Representative: Hampton Cutter of Woodbridge; president, Fred C. Hyer; secretary Harry T. McClintock.

Louisville, Mississippi. Club No. 2232. Spe-



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If you want to keep well—up to top notch—strong, healthy, efficient—you must know how and what to eat.

The body is a machine. It demands certain quantities and qualities, and only under favorable conditions will the body do its most efficient work.

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cial Representative: I. L. Dorroh of Macon; president, Robert G. Brown; secretary, Edward M. Livingston.

Northampton, Pennsylvania. Club No. 2233. Special Representative: Harry D. Sollenberger of Allentown; president, Dr. Charles A. Haff; secretary, J. Harry Van Middlesworth.

Andover, Ohio. Club No. 2234. Special Representative: Henry C. Leesburg of Andover; president, Francis A. Woodard; secretary, Henry C. Leesberg.

Hillside, New Jersey. Club No. 2235. Special Representative: Donald H. MacLean of Elizabeth; president, Louis R. Wallack; secretary, Arthur G. Woodfield.

Manzanillo, Cuba. Club No. 2236. Organization work completed by District Governor Julio H. Smith, assisted by Special Representative Chavez Milanes. President, Manuel Arca Campos; secretary, Benigno Aguirre Torrado.

Spru, Texas. Club No. 2237. Special Representative: Neal Wright of Lubbock; president, Clifford B. Jones; secretary, W. Dodge Starcher.

Sunnyside, Washington. Club No. 2238. Special Representative: Robert W. Rundstrom of Yakima; president, Roscoe Sheller; secretary, R. P. Haney.

Mount Joy, Pennsylvania. Club No. 2239. Special Representative: Ralph W. Cummings of Lancaster; president, John A. Bachman; secretary, Henry G. Carpenter.

West Bromwich, England. Club No. 2240. Organized under the auspices of District Council No. 6. President: J. Archibald Kenrick; honorary secretary, R. Cyril Yates.

Canadian, Texas. Club No. 2241. Special Representative: Dr. Rue P. Parcels of Amarillo; president, Lucius A. McAdams; secretary, C. W. Allen.

Elizabethton, Tennessee. Club No. 2242. Special Representative: James Metzger of Johnson City; president, E. R. Lingerfelt; secretary, Frank H. Lovette.

Arcata, California. Club No. 2243. Special Representative: Hugh A. Graham of Eureka; president, Ralph W. Sweetman; secretary, Lester A. Johnson.

Midwest, Wyoming. Club No. 2244. Special Representative: George B. Nelson of Casper; president, Dr. Lyle L. Jeffries; secretary, James Bond.

Turlock, California. Club No. 2245. Special Representative: Charles D. Swan of Modesto; president, R. F. Wells; secretary, Arthur J. Eddy.

Chula Vista, California. Club No. 2246. Special Representative: Hal H. Hobson of San Diego; president, Warner Edmonds; secretary, Charles S. Timmons.

Bristow, Oklahoma. Club No. 2247. Special Representative: Earl Foster of Sapulpa; president, Davis N. Barnes; secretary, Charles L. McLane.

Poplarville, Mississippi. Club No. 2248. Special Representative: Dr. Daniel B. Stevenson of Lumberton; president, S. A. Winborn; secretary, Wilmon A. Stewart.

Hamilton, Scotland. Club No. 2249. Organized under the auspices of Scottish District Council Nos. 1 & 2. President: Rev. T. F. Harkness Graham; honorary secretary, James Ballantyne.

Hammersmith, England. Club No. 2250. Organized under the auspices of District Council No. 13. President, J. Crawford Platt; honorary secretary, Ernest B. Pope.

Emaus, Pennsylvania. Club No. 2251. Special Representative: Errol K. Peters of Allentown; president, Robert S. Stoneback; secretary, Harry M. Walbert.

Budapest, Hungary. Club No. 2252. Organization work completed by Special Commissioner Fred Warren Teele; president, Theodore Koenig; secretary, Zoltan Sido.

Marshall, Illinois. Club No. 2253. Special Representative: Arthur A. Heinlein of Casey; president, Hershel R. Snively; secretary, Percy S. Lewis.

Lexington, Missouri. Club No. 2254. Special Representative: Ralph E. Brown of Richmond; president, James R. Moorehead; secretary, Guy T. Morrison.



COLORADO

WELCOMES ALL ROTARY
with the Convention Trinity:--

ROTARIANS!
RECREATION!
ROCKIES!

The Denver Host Club—assisted by Rotarians from all parts of Colorado and the surrounding states—will greet you in friendship's clasp in Denver—the "City of Hospitality."

Cowboys will ride outlaw broncos. Indians will turn back the pages of the Old West for you.

Before and after the Convention—June 14 to 18—you and the Ladies of Rotary will enjoy rail and auto trips through Colorado's unsurpassed Scenic, Historic and Legendary Wonderlands.

Colorado has two National Parks, four National Monuments and fifteen National Forests; with 500 lakes, 6,000 miles of fishing streams and 8,000 miles of scenic highways.

Visit Rocky Mountain National Park, the Glaciers, Mesa Verde National Park, San Isabel National Forest Canon City, Glenwood Springs, Pikes Peak Region, Western Colorado and Denver's Mountain Parks.

One day rail trips: Royal Gorge, Georgetown Loop, Moffat Road and Platte Canyon. Sixty other trips of from a few hours to a week's duration.

- 1—Berthoud Pass—Grand Lake Side.
- 2—Bear Creek Canyon, Denver Mountain Parks.
- 3—Sunshine and Snow—in June—in Rocky Mountain National Park.
- 4—San Isabel National Forest—in Pueblo, Canon City, Walsenburg and Trinidad Regions.



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"Unaccustomed As I Am—"

(Continued from page 19)

speakers, by associating with people who do speak well, by joining societies and taking advantage of opportunities for speaking. (And there is surely no more friendly place, no more helpful atmosphere, for the man anxious to improve his power of speaking than that to be found in any Rotary Club.)

Speech, again, is possibly strengthened by subordination of unimportant parts of sentences. Let the weight of the voice fall on the *leading* thoughts.

But the best, and at the same time, the simplest of all ways for making speech effective, is reading aloud daily. There is always opportunity for reading some short item or article in the home circle. Avail yourself of that opportunity, and the psychological effect will ere long astonish. There is an audience. You wish to be heard; so you raise your voice and gain in reaching power. You wish the little audience to be interested: therefore you read with expression. You wish your audience to understand fully, so that sounds are enunciated more clearly than usual. The home, after all, is the greatest training-ground! Do you, when at home, habitually narrate some interesting event of the day, do you try to interest in turn each member of the household, do you describe any beautiful objects or scenes? Do you speak hopefully, happily, with a belief that life is thoroughly good? Let the talk on occasion lead to great events, but beware the cheap, common, dangerous habit of finding fault with things. Speak humanely—that's the point!—speak humanely, and you come in time to speak to large audiences wisely and moderately.

Nor should one yield to any fancy that all this painstaking discipline is in vain unless one has remarkable native ability or talent. Genius is mountains high above all else, but the ability to work hard takes a person very far. Even by following out only a few pieces of any discipline that might now suggest itself, we will be better speakers in office, home, factory, and social circles. And as some members in Rotary clubs are always predisposed towards going further, can we not ask if there is not all the time a growing demand for good speakers?

In nearly every field of activity it has been found that the spoken word, when effectively spoken, is more productive of results than the written word. Opportunities for speaking increase apace. People who speak well

Hotels Statler

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1000 Rooms 1000 Baths

CLEVELAND

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ST. LOUIS

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Now building in BOSTON, 1300 rooms, 1300 baths
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are entrusted with places of leadership. Some stay in those places. Why? Because their devotions to literature with a view to gaining knowledge, their exercise in putting a few of the world's best thoughts into their own minds, their concentrations on sentence-structure, have amounted to a training of the WILL; and it is only when such careful steps have been taken that there arises once in a long while a speaker with compelling power, a speaker who can dominate an audience. Furthermore, this same training of the will, by reading and speech-practice, develops two associate qualities of the mind dear to the Rotarian and essential for true wisdom—liberal-mindedness, and catholicity of sympathy. It can readily be seen that the processes in preparation for oratory—extensive reading, gathering material, analyzing and arranging it, judgment of the probable audience and the situations likely to arise—are all processes which must have a quickening and improving effect on a person's general thinking powers. Surely with such rewards to be obtained, few will hesitate at the need for taking additional trouble.

A BARNYARD FABLE

Said the sleek brown calf
To the old gray mule,
"A beast that works
"Like you's a fool.
"You toil and sweat
"The live long day,
"I stand in the shade
"And eat fresh hay.
"But it's not your fault
"I know full well.
"You can't get around it.
"Brains will tell."
Now a lazy calf
Grows awfully fat.
(A rule without
Exception that).
The very next day
The calf became
Fresh meat products
Of the famous name.
And into a can
Went its remains
With this for label
"Young calves' brains."
The mule old age
In ease she spent,
To the clover field
By the farmer sent.
And often sniffed
Of an empty can
That reminded her
Of the calf called Nan,
As she chewed the fresh hay,
Hale and well.
You can't get around it.
Brains will tell.

—Anonymous.



Traverse the Trails of Early Adventurers this Summer

Join the specially escorted Blackfeet Indian party to Glacier National Park

SEE the American Northwest as few travelers are privileged to see it—escorted by the native Blackfeet Indians who know and love every foot of this immemorial "shining mountain" land.

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After the Park take the Great Northern's transportation thoroughbred, the New Oriental Limited, to Spokane, Seattle, Tacoma and Portland in the United States, with a free side trip to Vancouver in British Columbia.

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Name _____

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Waistline Too Big?



It doesn't need to be!

No longer is there any need of carrying a burden of excess fat around the waistline. Director corrects this condition instantly. The moment you slip on a Director the waistline is reduced 2 to 4 inches. Continued wearing makes this reduction permanent. All this without drugs—without dieting—without exercise—without the slightest effort or discomfort or inconvenience on your part.



No need of carrying excess fat like this

Note This Change

Note the remarkable improvement in your appearance, the moment you put on a Director. Clothes fit and look better without a heavy waistline to pull the coat out of shape. Trousers won't sag and bulge—vest won't creep and wrinkle. Note the delightful feeling of ease, comfort and renewed strength when the over-worked abdominal muscles are properly supported.

Melts Excess Fat Away

But best of all, Director gives more than temporary relief. It actually dissolves excess fat away. With every movement of the body, Director applies a firm but gentle pressure to the abdomen. This continued kneading motion acts exactly as a massage in dissolving and scattering fatty deposits. Thus the continued wearing of Director permanently corrects over-development.

No Laces, Hooks or Buttons

Director is woven from the finest mercerized web elastic—all in one piece. There are no buckles, straps, laces, hooks or buttons to bother with. Since each Director is made to measure, no adjustments are necessary except as the waistline grows smaller. It slips on easily and is delightfully comfortable, as thousands of business and professional men testify.



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Electricity as an Investment

By FRANK M. GORDON

Treasurer, Investment Bankers Association of America and Vice-President, First Trust and Savings Bank of Chicago

OVER-PRODUCTION especially in the United States has been so widespread a result of business enterprise during and since the World War that it is a constantly vital factor that should be weighed carefully by the man who would commit money to any business, either in the form of a solid investment or as a speculative venture. It has laid its hand heavily on many major, staple industries throughout the world, on shipping, on agriculture, on the coal, textile, leather, sugar, oil, and other basic activities. Fear of it rides that highly prosperous industry, motor-car manufacturing. The actuality of it throttled rubber profits until the British effected distribution control through the Stevenson Plan. The more spectacular industries, radio and motion-pictures, have plumbed it with heavy deficits. It lives constantly in every line of business, as a potential or an actual force, for it is the 5 or 10-percent surplus or scarcity of a commodity that so frequently determines the difference between profit and loss.

But in few industries are the factors of production and over-production so well under control as in the supplying of electric current. Since it first became of general use, electricity has never fully met the demand for it. Its market is greater than its supply. There is no substitute for it, to cut into its market, as in so many other industries. Although the United States has more than \$7,500,000,000 invested in the electric light and power industry, electricity is one commodity that is not over-produced. I term it a commodity because it can be manufactured, measured, sold, and delivered. Nor is there any apparent possibility of its exceeding its market, within the present generation, if ever. Less than 65 per cent of the industrial power load in the United States is carried by electricity. Only about 1 per cent of the country's railway mileage is electrified. Only slightly more than half of the population live in electrically lighted dwellings.

The foregoing are, briefly, a few of the reasons why securities of domestic and of foreign electric light and power companies are increasingly attracting the discriminating investor. The electric light and power industry in the United States has for several years required more than a billion dollars of

new capital annually for extensions and betterments necessary in its efforts to keep up with the demand for electricity. While I cannot speak so definitely as to the progress of the electrical industry abroad there is nevertheless a similar development in many parts of the world, for economic laws are worldwide and the effectiveness of electricity for cheap and efficient power and light is universal.

In the United States new capital for the electric light and power industry is obtained largely through the sale of bonds and stocks, chiefly preferred stocks, to the investing public. In his selection of the most desirable investment securities there are certain very practical tests that the investor, no matter how inexperienced in investing or how devoid of technical information relating to electricity, can apply very effectively. It is to give this small handful of practical tests that is the chief purpose of this article.

FIRST—Who is the person or firm that is offering to sell you the securities? To my mind that is the most important fact for the investor to consider in the purchase of any kind of securities. The security dealer who offers you securities has one main purpose. It is to make a profit. He is not eager to make you rich quickly. After 25 years in the security business I do not know how to get rich quickly. I should do it myself, if I knew how. But I do know how to get rich surely—not quickly—through the wonderful cumulative power of money, put to work in dependable securities that pay a fair, regular return. It is the security dealer who is qualified to and who insists on showing to the investor the exact degrees of risk or safety in any contemplated investment who should be consulted in the selecting of securities. For this service the reputable bond houses average probably the narrowest margin of profit of any merchandising business, for the seller of securities is a merchant as well as a professional specialist in selecting the securities he would sell. On the other hand, the unscrupulous or incompetent dealer either will not or cannot inform the investor fully. In the selecting of sound electric light and power securities the reputable security dealer has all the technical information available for judging security values.

Second—Experienced, honorable management of the company is necessary to make its securities desirable. An investment usually is based on past performance. A new, untried management may work out successfully, or it may not. But if the enterprise is managed by men who have proved their ability to operate electric light and power companies, there is little or no reason to expect failure in management.

Third—Generally speaking, the electric light and power company's degree of success is likely to be greater in a community of diversified industrial products than in a community whose prosperity depends mainly on a very limited variety of industries. The reason for this is quite apparent.

Fourth—The security for a bond should be considered in the light of the company's ability to pay, its earning record, its financial condition, and the term of the bond. Usually long-term bonds should be secured by a mortgage. But contrary to a common conception, a mortgage is not always sufficient security, even if the property mortgaged, conservatively appraised, is of greater value than the bond issue. Land, costly buildings, and expensive equipment must also have earning power or their value as security is decreased. Bonds or notes for shorter maturities often are secured by deposit of other securities. This, of course, calls for expert valuation of the securities so deposited. Unsecured corporate bonds, which are called debentures, are frequently issued and when they are the securities of large, strong, thoroughly established and excellently managed companies, are justly in great demand by experienced investors. However, the careful investor should consider only debentures of very strong companies. Debentures usually are of shorter terms than mortgage bonds, although there are a few long-term debentures of great companies that are high in character.

Fifth—Bond circulars often recite that the company's earnings are twice the amount of interest requirements, or some such similar figure. This is a general rule that may or may not fit. It is an effort to do one of the most difficult things in the investment business; that is, to put down in a very few, readily understandable words a representation that reflects the true condition of the enterprise. There is no formula or rule of thumb that is practicable for all investments. A company might have earnings of a materially smaller ratio and its bonds, because of other situations in the company, be of the best. Or its earnings might be in a considerably larger ratio and the bond be quite mediocre because

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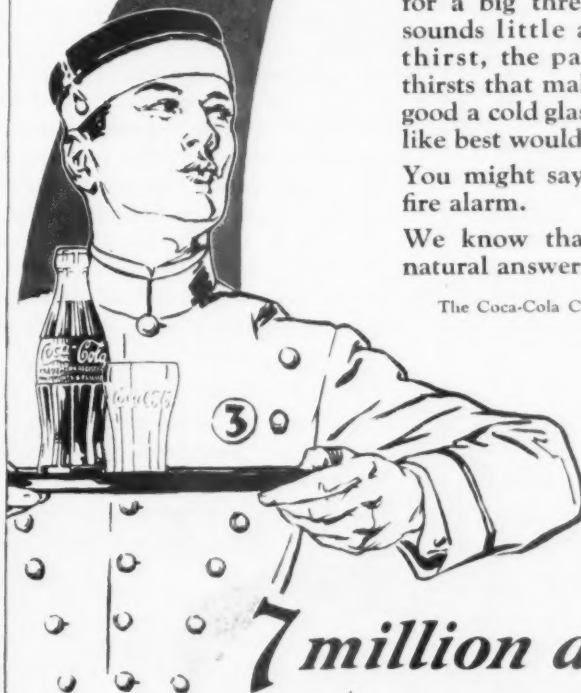
Your whole system is constantly burning up moisture in breathing and in every process of generating and expending energy.

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Now that she knows, she not only persuades him easily to bring home a box of candy now and then . . . but in reward she often makes a favorite sweet . . . he likes it most because she made it.

Use the candy-making sugar for uniform results.

Nut Kisses is one of many candies described in "Candy Making the Easy Way"—send for it.

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of other conditions in the company or its field of operations.

It is often dangerous to try to apply rules of formulae to securities or to dogmatize about investments. A bond is commonly described as a promise to pay. That is a very inadequate definition. Professor Arthur S. Dewing of Harvard University includes these very apt words in his characterization of a bond: "The bond, the document which is bought and sold by investors, is a right to participate in a certain legal contract which the corporation enters into with a trustee." This contract is referred to in the bond business as a "trust indenture," and the public knows it as a "mortgage." It often is lengthy, 150 or 300 or more printed pages and it recites the safeguards the investment banker has put in to protect the investors to whom he sells the bonds. Are those safeguards sufficient? What can I say, by which you may test the soundness or the inadequacy with which your investment is guarded in this contract, if you are not an investment banker or an attorney of ample experience in such matters? The first test I have recited in the foregoing applies here, for undoubtedly the most important thing an investor can know is to know reliable investment security dealers who can tell and will tell him the whole truth about the securities he is considering.

Sixth—The franchise under which an electric light and power company operates and the regulatory laws of the

state or states in which it operates are important considerations to look into, to see that there are no over-burdened conditions that might deprecate the investment.

Seventh—If the investor believes he might wish to sell the bond before its maturity, is it an investment of good marketability? A bond may be conservatively very, very safe, its yield may be high, but, because it is of a small issue, is little known and is not widely held; it might not sell so well as another good bond of equal safety, lower yield, but held by a large number of investors and, therefore, better known. This question of marketability, to be sure, does not apply where the investor is buying securities to hold until maturity, but every investor should have some portion of his securities in quickly salable issues to meet a possible emergency demand for cash.

I have referred my remarks largely to bonds, because of limited space. But much that is said here can be applied to preferred stocks, of which there are a number of excellent issues. In the investment in the stocks or the bonds of electric light and power companies the important thing is to ascertain if the earning power and the values are behind the securities. There are good and mediocre electric light and power companies. As a whole, however, there are few if any lines of business with as large a proportion of successful companies as in the electric light and power industry.



Photo: Joe Mills, Estes Park, Colorado.

Hallett Glacier, Rocky Mountain National Park

The DIGUE at Ostend, Belgium



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OIL BURNING EQUIPMENT

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it now, but come in and get
acquainted anyhow."

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Rotary Club Activities

(Continued from page 35)

they have accomplished through their organization, their success or failure in different phases of farming, and any "kicks" which they may have. These meetings have been very successful in promoting rural and urban acquaintance.

Boys Arrange Program For Father and Son Banquet

CHATHAM, ONTARIO.—When the local Rotarians gave a father-and-son banquet the whole program of speeches, stunts, music, etc., was under the capable management of the boys. There were speeches by boy rangers, Scouts, boys in business, boys interested in Sunday school, citizenship, and so on. There were conjuring, semaphoring, comic dialogue—and the only thing the Rotarians regretted was that the ukulele solo had to be omitted because the young musician had been practicing so hard that the instrument proved unequal to the strain!

"And Men May Rise On Stepping Stones—"

GILROY, CAL.—First came Kiwanians in clown costumes, accompanied by an organ and an improvised band. Then came a police patrol, a motor-cycle policeman and uniformed Rotarians. The crowd in the bleachers exchanged good natured railery, tossed firecrackers. Sirens added to the din. Out marched a Kiwanian, pronounced a funeral eulogy over the Rotary wheel. Out marched a firing squad and loosed the three volleys. The Rotary-Kiwanis ball game began.

When flying base runners stopped their slides the Rotarians had 23 runs, the Kiwanians 13, the charity box \$25.50.

Three Clubs Chartered All At Once

LANCASTER, PA.—There have been Rotary "twins" before but Lancaster sets the pace again with "triplets." At a dinner here charters were presented by Governor Ward Fleming to the newly organized clubs of Elizabethtown, Lititz, and Mount Joy. The Lancaster and Columbia clubs were joint hosts. Many out of town guests were present including Guy Gundaker of Philadelphia, a "native son" and Past International President, who made the chief address.

The Lancaster club took advantage of the opportunity and unveiled a Field of Rotary chart done in club colors.

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have it!
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Another Chance!

A British Rotarian on a British Problem

By HAROLD W. WHEELER

WHEN the first Rotary Calendar is issued one foresees the possibility of November 26, 1925 being invested with a glory no less resplendent than that historically associated with more familiar dates.

For today Rotary undoubtedly has made history, has taken a tremendous stride in the march of progress, and the day and its victory must live. Gathered "somewhere in England" were Rotarians, the representatives of boys' work, of one heart and mind in their desire to co-operate with existing organizations, and tremendously impressed by the excellence of facilities and opportunities offered by various Over-Seas Settlement Schemes. The whole tenor of the conference changed, when in answer to the query, "How many schemes are open to boys brought before the magistrates?" there came the appalling reply, "Not one."

In response to an expressed wish I thus dare to plead the cause of the "bad boy"—not the morally depraved or vicious—but the exuberant spirit, who has revelled in boyish freaks and escapades, that found their ultimate sequel in the local court of summary jurisdiction.

Let us first try to sense the feeling of "the other side." Briefly, their case is that developing countries have no use or place for "undesirables," and this fact, often accentuated by political and economic pressure, accounts for the erection of barriers as impenetrable to others as they appear unwarrantable to us.

The recognition of Children's Courts, the passing of the First Offender's Act, and the appointment of probation officers have completely transformed the modern court, where sympathetic magistrates and officials are disposed towards redemptive rather than punitive measures. That is the trend of events—the recognition of a better way by giving another chance—and when the present bill before parliament actually passes into law, the probation officer with his soul-saving influence will become an indispensable unit of every court, and I hope, of every Rotary Club, too.

Now, if magistrates and probation officers, clerks of the peace and chief constables are striving

"That boys may rise on stepping-stones

Of their dead selves to higher things,"

is it not time we united to remove the permanent disability scored against them in barring their entrance to new lands? Is there any justification for writing their sin (?) with a pen of iron or the point of a diamond? The rascality, which misdirects our hopefuls to turnip-fields and apple-orchards, may be deplored, and their depredations therein may be vexatious, but only an unsanctified imagination would desire to regard their delinquency as criminality. The convicted boy is not a convict, neither does his "crime" constitute him a criminal. Yet conviction, and even probation, bars the way to adoption under certain emigration schemes, and because of his misdeeds the wild, restless spirit of the adventurer is denied that larger and fuller life his nature craves. Alas, his record is on marble; he knows he is spurned; he feels himself the "despised and rejected of men."

Maybe—

"He was not all a father's heart could wish,

But oh, he was our Son."

Recognized as a Son of Empire he would worthily respond to the noble chance and prove himself a worthy Knight, but to brand him as "undesirable" is as cruel as it is uncharitable. In pleading his cause and urging the removal of an unjustifiable stigma, I confidently appeal to Rotarians overseas to unite with us in securing for the "bad boy" of the Motherland—another chance!

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"What's on the Program?"

(Continued from page 10)

9:00 p. m., and last till 2:00 a. m. That gives you an opportunity to enjoy a brilliant evening and make a good many new acquaintances.

The Frontier Day Association of Cheyenne, Wyo., has a reputation for its rodeos, and the one on Thursday afternoon, they promise, will be their biggest and best.

Thursday night will be Hospitality Night. We are planning to lease one of the amusement parks so that visitors may learn just what Western hospitality means, and real Rotary fellowship may be established wholesale.

For your trips to various places of interest the Rocky Mountain Transportation Company will have busses available at all hours. Early morning and late evening are the best—for then the sunlight effects are most wonderful among the peaks.

Denver's auditorium has a seating capacity of eight or nine thousand and a pipe organ which cost \$50,000. The auditorium is built on the panorama plan and will be equipped with microphones and loud speakers.

We have already signed up 2800 hotel rooms, and 1000 more rooms in the finest homes of the city. Send in your reservations through your club secretary and we will see that you have a comfortable room. We do not promise hotels equal to the best in Chicago or New York, but we do promise rooms that we would not be ashamed to offer our own mothers or daughters.

This is the first Convention held in

the West since that at Los Angeles four years ago. The next one goes to Ostend, so for the United States or Canadian Rotarian who cannot travel abroad there will be no other chance like this for at least two years.

Consider all these facts—and others which have been presented in THE ROTARIAN—and you will have a better idea of what this Convention can mean to you. When you examine the program more particularly you will see that it is built around the Six Objects, the goal stressed by the present administration. We have tried to develop a topic from each Object and to get the right man to present it effectively. You will see also that this program allows for much useful discussion by small groups; that it is chiefly confined to purely Rotary affairs; and that it gives the individual opportunity to do real constructive work for himself and his club.

For it is the individual after all who makes Rotary. No Convention Committee or any other committee can help him unless he can help himself. If he comes with an open mind and the realization that no city can stand a sudden addition of 10,000 or so population without some straining, he can derive much benefit from the Convention. Western hospitality, Denver scenery, and long hours of effort by those charged with the preparations will then combine to give him a memorable experience at this—the annual gathering of his world-wide organization.

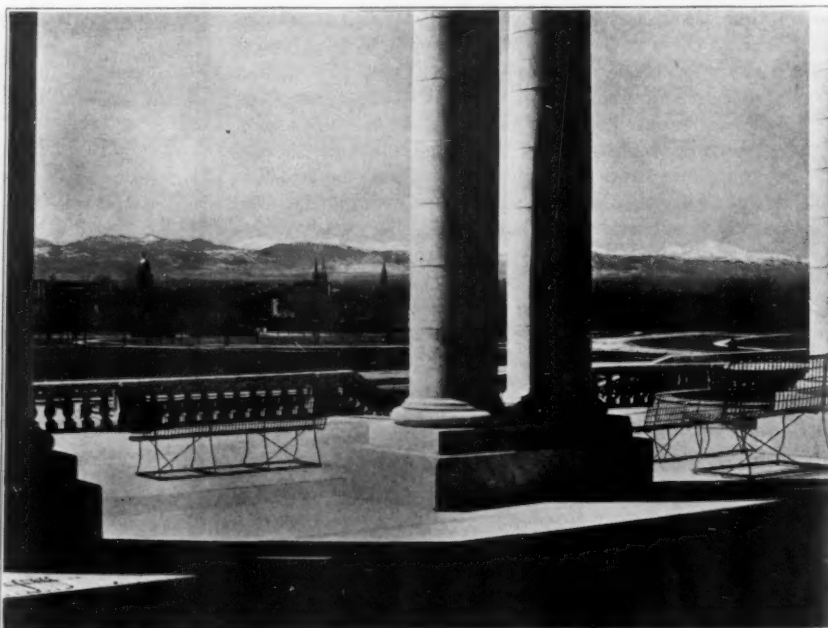


Photo: Denver Tourist Bureau.

Magnificent View of Snow-capped Peaks Seen from Cheesman Park, Denver



An Invitation

Rotarians attending the convention are invited to visit the factory of the Gates Rubber Company, one of the large manufacturing institutions of the west. Gates tires, tubes, fan belts and other rubber products are used by millions of motorists all over the United States.

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BAND
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WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURERS

Vancouver's Circus

(Continued from page 38)

Following week the chairman assigned every member to some special work for the circus itself, setting hours for practice and insisting on all keeping their pledges to do their share. Some were designed to be "horses"; others were "classified" as the "front legs of elephants" or the "hind legs of giraffes"; others were to be clowns and so on. Even the work-hands were designated and assigned hours for practice. Then the work began in earnest.

NOW a working club is an interested club. The members became heart and soul wrapped up in their circus and the result was that in October, a five-meeting month, Vancouver came through with a record of one-hundred-per-cent attendance for the month. Not a member was absent from any meeting in the month, and the one-hundred-per-cent record was carried on through to the night of the big stunt, November 6, when after the one-hundred-per-cent noon meeting every member turned out at the circus.

What a circus it was! The big municipal auditorium stage had been converted into bleachers, which extended down over the orchestra pit. The teachers matched the club's hundred-per-cent record. Practically everyone of them turned out. Each one had been called upon and invited to the function by a Rotarian in the course of the preceding week and each Rotarian had called for two or three of the teachers so that by 7:30 all were on hand for the big event in the teachers' year.

Right away the teachers of the high school scored first. When they removed their wraps it was discovered that word of the circus had leaked out and that the high-school teachers had come dressed for the part. Clad as school children out for a circus, in short gingham frocks, some even in rompers, with the unbobbed having hair down in braids, it was evident that the teachers had correctly grasped the spirit of the occasion and when each produced an "all-day sucker" there was no longer any question of it.

The circus started off with a bang. There were no interruptions to the program. The superintendent of the state school for the deaf had had his pupils making all sorts of paraphernalia, such as elephants, giraffes, ostriches, bears, monkeys, and a number of "combination" horses, rider and horse being one individual. Then there was a "gook," a strange animal with an accordion neck, which the Rotarian keeper declared had been captured in a cubeb tree in Cuba by extracting the cubeb root of the tree!

The circus started officially with a grand parade in which every Rotarian

appeared in fantastic garb drawing his float with him. The members had spared no pains in designing floats which would portray their classifications.

Then one Rotarian—as ringmaster—put his horses through their paces. There were exhibitions by trick elephants, giraffes, and ostriches in which the animals performed feats such as Barnum never dreamed of producing.

The eight clowns then entered the arena and through the rest of the evening, no matter what other stunts were being staged, kept the crowd entertained. A wild man was brought in in a cage. Suddenly he escaped and caused a small riot.

Then in came the "gook," a weird animal whose accordion neck permitted the head to shoot out with amazing celerity into the faces of the audience. The "gook" showed a marvelous knowledge of the private affairs of the guests and the school-board and was voted the big feature of the circus.

The circus over, the company adjourned to the banquet room where there was an elaborate dinner and an interesting program. Then followed a dance in the big municipal auditorium.

And so ended Vancouver Rotary's biggest entertainment feature of the year. But it didn't end interest in Rotary affairs. Strange how it works out: get a club interested and things begin to happen. Now there might not be any connection, but the fact remains that while Vancouver Rotary was preparing its big circus there was a hundred-per-cent attendance for the five October meetings, and that continued over into the first three meetings of November, all the meetings which have been held up to the time this is written. During October the programs put on by the various committees were better than they have been in years. Committees have given real thought to their work and speakers have been chosen not because of their availability but because of their worth. That, too, has continued through November.

FOR months Vancouver Rotary had been talking about organizing a public-speaking class. But it was allowed to drift until about the middle of October and then members inoculated with the new spirit of action which had apparently become a part of the club's existence, the class was formed, starting its sixteen-week session on November 7, with a membership of twenty-five Rotarians.

It was in October, also, that Resolution 34, was first read to the club and intensive study of the principles of Rotary begun along systematic lines, instead of in the haphazard fashion hitherto employed. Rotarians of Vancouver seem to have sensed more than ever the idea of service, of ethics in



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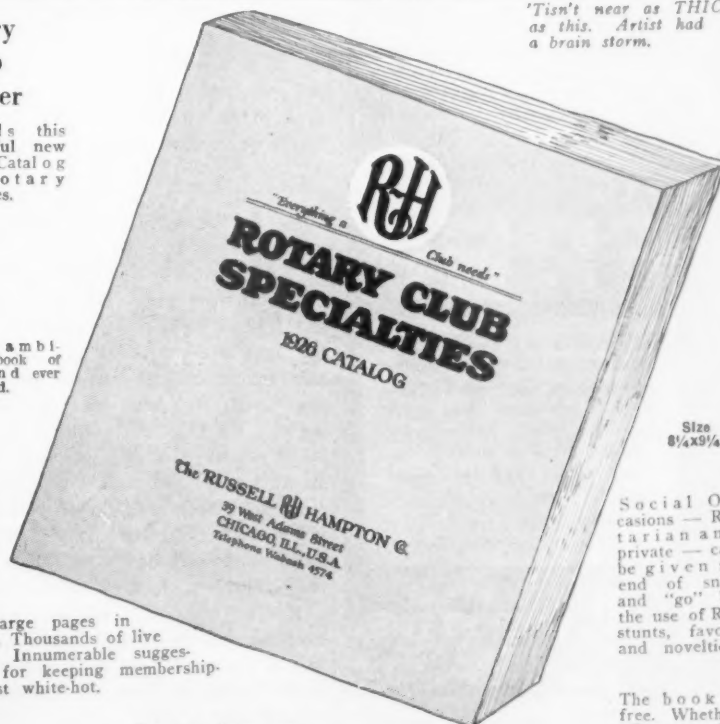
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business, of what Rotary stands for. More than half the members of the club have joined President Howard in the organization of a forum for the study of the principles of Rotary. These meetings are to be held apart from the regular noon sessions.

These things have all happened since work on the circus began. It may be that it is mere coincidence. It may be that Vancouver Rotary would have scored its hundred-per-cent membership for October and headed the list for the month even without putting on the circus. It may be that the programs would have improved and the forum have been instituted and the public-

speaking class started, circus no circus. It may be that Rotary members in Vancouver would have become more deeply interested in Rotary even if they hadn't been called upon to give a lot of their time that the teachers might be a bit happier. It may be. But somehow the idea persists that because Rotary undertook a job which tied together every individual in the organization and made each do his share of the work there was a new birth of the spirit of Rotary in Vancouver and you couldn't get any member of the Vancouver club to believe that the new ideals in the club aren't tied up mighty close with the circus for the teachers.

Tired Boy

A Bed Time Story—Suitable for a Radio Program

By HELENE CLAIBORNE

YESTERDAY everything went dead wrong. You know how it goes sometimes. Dad brought home the little red-debbil racer that I had wanted so long, so I rode up and down in it till I was tired. Then I got curious about the thing and wondered what made it go. If I'd known I couldn't fix it back like it was I wouldn't have torn it up, but first I knew I had the wheels and everything spread out on the sand. Worse and more of it, I didn't know any more about it than I did before I pulled it apart. A big boy came along and helped me put the racer back together, but it wouldn't run good. He said I had got sand in the works and it would have to be cleaned up, then maybe it would go smooth again. I dragged the old thing home and went in to supper, but I didn't enjoy anything much. Right in the middle of pouring syrup on my cakes I looked up at Dad and he said, "How's the little go-debbil?" That finished me. My eyes filled up and I kept on pouring until syrup ran off my plate and over the table. The maid came in and cleaned up the best she could, but she was muttering to herself all the while about leaving a place where she had to wait on such an ugly boy. At that I got mean sure enough, never will know what made me, but I picked my sticky plate up and flung it upside down in the middle of the table.

Mother looked solemn and Dad started out as if he would scold me, but I dropped my head down in the sticky mess in front of me and began crying like a girl.

"Want any more supper?" Dad asked, and when I shook my head, he said, "Then let's go upstairs."

My heart was shaking inside of me but I never let on how scared I was. I took his hand and went with him. When we got upstairs Dad turned on

a tub full of warm water. "Clean up a little and then I'll talk to you."

I tried to act as if I didn't care, splashed away at a great rate, scrubbing off syrup and sand as fast as I could, but once when I looked up through my soap suds Dad looked as if he was trying not to laugh. By the time he helped me into a brand clean teddy-sleeper I was feeling pretty good again—hoping I could slip into bed without anything happening first—and I did. Got right in between the cool sheets and Dad covered me up good before he put out the light. I couldn't help listening, and sure enough he came back to me. But he didn't say anything mean, just sat on the edge of my bed and put his cool hand on my forehead.

"I saw the remains by the steps as I came in to supper. I'll have it fixed in the morning. Why didn't you tell me about it?"

Silence. I couldn't have said a word if I'd been dying.

"You don't feel like talking about it?"

No, I couldn't talk, not for a minute and when I did I just said, "Dad, you're awful good to me!"

He laughed funny at that, but I saw that he knew what I meant, "All right," he said, "I'll leave you, poor little tired boy—go to sleep!"

Then I was alone in the dark, alone and thinking and I didn't go to sleep till I got it figured out to suit me.

Sometimes my Dad gets impatient. . . . tears things up in his business and can't get them back to suit him. . . sand in the wheels . . . things won't run smooth . . . he comes home and wants to act cross, but tries not to . . . and after he lays his head on his pillow at night Someone bigger than himself lays a cool hand over my Dad's throbbing eyes . . . a Comforting Voice whispers softly through the darkness, "Tired Boy, go to sleep, in the Morning everything will be all right."

Wit and Humor

As Found in the Rotary Club Publications

Fourteen Errors of Life

To attempt to set up your own standard of right and wrong and expect everybody to conform to it.

To try and measure the enjoyment of others by your own.

To expect uniformity of opinion in this world.

To look for judgment and experience in youth.

To endeavor to mold all dispositions alike.

Not to yield to unimportant trifles.

To look for perfection in our own actions.

To worry ourselves and others about what cannot be remedied.

Not to alleviate if we can all that needs alleviation.

Not to make allowance for the weakness of others.

To consider anything impossible that we cannot ourselves perform.

To believe only what our finite minds can grasp.

To live as if the moment, the time, the day, were so important that it would live forever.

To estimate people by some outside quality, for it is that within which makes the man.

—Savannah (Ga.) Bulletin.

There was a man who fancied that by driving good and fast

He'd get his car across the track before the train came past;

He'd miss the engine by an inch and make the train hands sore;

There was a man who fancied this; there isn't any more.

—Anonymous.

Teamwork

She had seven million dollars

Placed in bonds and stocks and rents;

He had 'leven million dollars,

So they merged their sentiments.

Now they've raised a son whose value

Is exactly thirty cents.

—Council Bluffs (Ia.) Rotator.

Retort Courteous

A revival was raging in a colored church. The fruits had been considerable. One obdurate soul, however, resisted the efforts of the elder. Called to account for his reluctance, he replied:

"Yo' see how it is, Elder. I'se got a problem. I don't see how I'se gwine to git mah shirt on ovah mah wings when I gits to Glory."

"Dat ain't yo' problem," retorted the exhorter promptly. "Yo' problem is how is yo gwine git yo' hat on ovah yo' horns."

—St. Louis (Mo.) Pepper Box.

The Average Man

The average man is the man of the mill, The man of the valley, or the man of the hill,

The man of the throttle, the man of the plough—

The man with the sweat of his toil on his brow,

Who brings into being the dreams of the few—

Who works for himself, and for me, and for you;

There is not a purpose, a project or plan

But rests on the strength of the average man.

—The Rotecho.

The Wedge

A

man

who

does a

little more

work than

he's asked to—

who takes a little

more care than he's

expected to—who puts

the small details on an

equal footing with the more

important ones—he's the man

who is going to make a success

of his job. Each little thing done

better is the thin end of the wedge into something bigger.

—London Rotarian.

The Guarantee

"Are you sure," an anxious patient once said to a physician, "are you sure that I shall recover? I have heard that doctors sometimes give wrong diagnoses and have treated patients for pneumonia who afterward died of typhoid fever."

"You've been woefully misinformed," replied the medico indignantly. "If I treat a man for pneumonia he dies of pneumonia."

—Macomb (Ill.) Rotator.

What the Schoolboy Replied

The best of humor is the unconscious kind; even fathers and uncles, seldom if ever, mothers, are known to do it.

But the schoolboy—he's IT. Here's some:

A grass widow is the wife of a dead vegetarian.

Psyche was a black boxer who fought Carpentier.

One of the chief uses of water is to save people from drowning in.

No one has yet succeeded in edifying the dark lady of the sonnets.

Mephistopheles was a Greek comic poet.

Algebraical symbols are used when you



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don't know what you are talking about.

A deacon is the lowest kind of Christian.

Geometry teaches us how to bi-sex angels.

The Press to-day is the mouth-organ of the people.

Letters in sloping print are in hysterics.

Etiquette is the noise you make when you sneeze.

A circle is a round straight line with a hole in the middle.

Ambiguity is telling the truth when you don't mean to.

Things which are equal to the same thing are equal to anything else.

—London Rotarian.

The Stenographer's Innings

At a trial in a certain court in this state, when the witness on the stand was being subjected to a merciless cross-examination, in answering one question the witness nodded. Whereupon the court stenographer, who was crowding the limit to get it all, and could not see the witness, at once demanded, "Answer that question." To which the witness replied: "I did answer it: I nodded my head." The stenographer, without a moment's hesitation, came right back with: "Well, I heard it rattle, but could not tell whether it was up and down or from side to side."—Anonymous.

On Our Main Stem

A pretty good firm is Watch & Wate
And another is Attit, Early & Layte;
And still another is Doo & Dairet
But the best is probably Grinn & Barrett.—Tuscola (Ill.) Purveyor.



Cartoon by Tom Brown

Business Is Good

The farmer sells a load of wheat, and all the world grows fair and sweet; He hums a couple of cheerful tunes, and pays the grocer for his prunes. The grocer, who has had the blues, now buys his wife a pair of shoes.

That ten the shoe-man think's God-sent, and runs and pays it on the rent.

Next day the rent man hands the bill to Doctor Eakins for a pill,

And Doctor Eakins tells his frau, that business is improving now,

And cheers her up and says: "My dear, you've been quite feeble for a year,

I'm thinking you should take a rest; you'd better take a trip out West.

And in a couple days the frau is on the farm of Joshua Howe.

She pays her board to farmer Howe, who takes the bill and says "I swear!

Here's something that just can't be beat, this bill's the one I got for wheat."

He hums a couple of cheerful tunes, and goes and buys a lot more prunes.

—Fort William-Port Arthur (Ont.)
Rotary Elevator.

"Can and Will"

"Can and Will are cousins
Who never trust to luck,
Will is the son of Energy
Can is the son of Pluck,
Can't and Won't are cousins too
Always out of work,
Won't is the son of Never Try,
And Can't is the son of Shirk."

—Anonymous.



Presence of Mind in Arcadia!

Financing a Rotary Club

(Continued from page 25)

eral printing, including the club roster and the club publication or meeting notice, expenses for traveling and meals for invited speakers; expenses for committees; postage; stationery and supplies; telephone and telegraph; necessary expenses for music or piano player; depreciation on the capital account, and miscellaneous general expenses.

It also becomes important in making expenditures for property which may rightly be classed as fixed assets, not to charge these against income, but rather, to capitalize them and treat them as part of the surplus, writing off each year any depreciation of same calculated upon the apparent life and usefulness of the object.

In the third group—activities of the club—in reference to the necessary moneys for boys work or crippled children or other activities of the club, let me say that there is a great deal to be said in favor of the expense being met either in whole or in part from the income of the club in that each member is thus made a participator in the good work of the club, rather than to have the burden fall upon a few, some of whom are more generous rather than more supplied with worldly goods than are the laggards.

In this general group should be a fund for flowers for sick members and for the sick Rotarian from out of town who finds his way into your local hospitals; perhaps a fund for flowers for the members on their birthdays; perhaps a fund for entertaining visiting Rotarians, especially those from overseas or distant cities. Some clubs may find it advantageous to budget an account to take care of a Christmas party for the children of its members or an account for Christmas presents for those who serve the luncheons throughout the year.

No Rotary club should fail to make provision for sending delegates to Rotary International conventions and conferences. Here friendships are made for your club and for your city. Here new ideas and greater inspirations are obtained and brought back to your club.

CONCENTRATION

IN one of the laboratories of Washington there is a great sun glass that measures three feet across. It is like the burning glasses that we used to treasure when we were boys, only it is much larger. This great glass gathers the rays of the sun that strike its surface and focuses them on a single point a few feet below. That single spot is hotter than a blow-torch. The heat at that point will melt through steel plate as easily as a red hot needle burns through paper.

This terrible heat—it cannot be measured, for it melts all instruments—is just three feet of ordinary sunshine, concentrated on a single point. Scattered, these rays are hardly felt—perhaps just pleasantly warm; concentrated, they could melt adamant.

Get the habit of concentrating when you start to do a thing—throw on all the steam you have and focus everything on the task in hand. Remember that three feet of ordinary sunshine will burn through anything.—*The Christian Business Man.*

It is not enough to make a budget. The budget, to be a success, must be carefully checked by a balance-sheet which sets up expenditures against budgeted amounts.

This balance-sheet should be made up monthly, and where it is apparent that the budget is being exceeded, necessary economies should be practiced in order to stay within the budget as outlined, or additional sums budgeted where unusual conditions exist.

Every Rotary club should pay its bills promptly. If we stand for a program of better business methods, we should pay our bills to the outside world, to other Rotary clubs, and to Rotary International, on time.

Assessments or special collections of money should be avoided. I want to strongly accentuate the fact that many men are driven out of Rotary by reason of the fact that those in control are continually requesting contributions to this or that cause. If you want to do a good piece of work, marshal your entire club into some sort of a benefit with a well worth-while show, and it will not only result in producing a goodly sum of money, but every man who works for the cause affirmatively enlists himself in behalf of the objective sought. It is also true that many an indifferent Rotarian, through hard work on a benefit performance, becomes enthusiastic for the proposed Rotary activity because he sees what the money will do in good work, and he recognizes himself as one of those who participated in raising it.

The Rotary club must be preeminently a sound financial institution, scientifically studying its revenue, and after determining its proper income and allocating it to special purposes, plan a budget by means of which the members' money shall not be misspent, but every dollar go to advance the cause of Rotary service. While we study on the one hand how we can best give of ourselves for the utmost good of the community, we should also plan at the same time how we can best give of our material substance for the advancement of the cause.



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Why Did You Accept Office?

(Continued from page 21)

authority is vested in him by the Constitution of Rotary International and by his election at the annual convention of Rotary International. His directions and requests have the complete weight of the Rotary clubs of the world behind them.

Non-districted clubs have their contact through the office of the secretary of Rotary International in Chicago. The Secretary's office is a central-service station not only for the use of non-districted clubs but of clubs, district governors, committees, et al.

Finances of the Rotary club are a concern of the president.

I have never heard a criticism following an administration showing a deficit which stated that the board of directors was responsible. But I have heard that "John Blank, during his administration, ran us into a hole, and Tom Blank, who followed him, had to make up the deficit."

Therefore, financial matters form one of the great responsibilities of the president. Elsewhere in this magazine appears an article on club finances by Ray Knoepel which should be carefully studied by each club president, and by his board of directors.

The fixing of minimum club dues at \$25.00, and the admission fee at \$20.00, is based on years of experience. In fact, as I reflect on my fifteen years of membership in Rotary, all of our precedents and requirements are based on experiences of the past, seeking to avoid the disasters and difficulties which led to the fixing of such precedents and requirements.

Years of study have brought the firm conviction that the minimum requirement for dues and admission fee is not contingent on local conditions. Without the dues and fees required by Rotary International's Model Constitution and By-Laws, the Rotary club cannot budget successfully, nor can it meet the fixed and necessary charges incident to a Rotary club.

The combination of dues and weekly luncheon fees is a matter which should receive consideration by each club. I

have no observation to make upon the subject other than to say that in those clubs which have tried the combination, it has apparently been a great success.

Rotary clubs should not make special assessment for current expenses. Special assessments for the operation of the club show poor financing. Assessments for any purpose are deemed unwise. Special collections for specific purposes should never be stressed to the point of working a hardship on the membership, nor should follow-ups cause embarrassment through their urgency.

The various money-raising plans for civic, philanthropic, and charitable work should be most carefully scrutinized from at least three standpoints: first, whether the plan harmonizes with Rotary objects and purposes; second, whether the plan is thoroughly ethical in all its details; and third, whether the plan involves non-Rotarian participation.

The first query has reference to the appropriateness of the plan for a Rotary club; the second query is self-illustrative; and the third has in mind raising money for distinctly Rotary purposes and asking the public to assist in the financing.

In closing let me leave with you a thought which is less material, and more inspirational,—a vision, as it were of your great responsibility, and your great opportunity for Service to mankind.

For the brief space of one year, your fellow-Rotarians, having confidence in your ability and integrity, have made you their executive officer, and have placed in your hands a precious part of a great world movement.

The onward progress of this movement will depend largely on your individual effort.

The world will be the gainer if your work is well done.

Are you thoroughly alert to your responsibility and your opportunity?

Will you dedicate yourself to a great achievement?

THE AUTOMOBILE A TRADE FACTOR

IN the list of fifty chief exports compiled by the Department of Foreign Commerce of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States the automobile is now given second place, being outranked only by cotton which is still far in the lead.

The automobile weighs heavily in the trade balance. During the nine months of last year from January to September the United States exported to all parts of the world \$221,729,000 worth of cars, parts and accessories, a gain of more than 20 per cent over the same period of 1924.

"Among the more highly finished products we shipped abroad," says the National Chamber, "were 17,363 more motor trucks and busses, a gain of 82.7 per cent; 65,916 more passenger cars, a gain of 57.8 per cent; 350,000 more tires, a gain of 35.2 per cent, and 108,314 more automobile engines, a gain of 641.6 per cent."

Rotary Color

(Continued from page 13)

the past he had stolen other men's girls and had had girls stolen from him by other men, not to know. Gideon, in that matter, had won out. And unless Almanzar could organize a society and get himself elected president of it—a thing he had not the slightest notion how to do—Gideon had also won his ten dollars. He wished he hadn't overtaken himself.

He sang very little about his work the next day, and so seldom did his mind return even temporarily to the matters with which Mrs. Farnsworth tried to tax it that more than once she gave way to vast impatience. As she and Mr. Farnsworth ate a picked-up supper, because they were leaving in a few hours and pantry and icebox had been emptied to remain so until their return from the long vacation, she mentioned to her husband, while the servant was out of hearing, that Almanzar, that day, had not been worth killing.

"Getting us off and the house closed, and a new job at the San Sebastian, is one too many things to think about," Mr. Farnsworth said, and added, with no appreciation of how close to the main cause for absent-mindedness he came: "To say nothing of the regrets over not being Supreme Grand King."

"Oh, it's easy to laugh," she said. "You haven't had to put up with him all day. I could give him a package and tell him to carry it up to the attic, and he would set it down in the middle of the first room he passed through. I called him into the bedroom and passed him the handbag I'm going to carry and told him to put it in the living-room with the suitcases, and, when I caught him, he was carefully storing it in the sideboard. I have written down all the things he is to do about the place during the summer, but it'll be only the mercy of heaven if he doesn't lose the paper before tomorrow."

"Oh, well," Mr. Farnsworth said. "He hasn't much responsibility except to sleep in his house to cover the insurance clause, and cut the grass. He's bound to do the first to save rent, and if he forgets the grass he'll remember it just before we get home and we'll never see how the place looked before then."

"Such mind as he's got was never on his work for a minute, all day," Mrs. Farnsworth said exasperatedly. "He stopped short in the middle of the floor while I was the very busiest, and asked

me how you-all worked out this matter of Rotary classifications. Well, what I said to him kept him attending to his classification as good-for-nothing house-boy for pretty nearly ten minutes."

"A rough day! Too bad!" Mr. Farnsworth sympathized. "But you wouldn't want a white servant, would you? Or any other negro but Almanzar."

"Oh, of course not," his wife replied. "Only I do feel tonight as if I would like to murder him—except that he isn't worth the time it would take to do it."

"And you'll make a special shopping trip in New York or Boston," Mr. Farnsworth smiled, "to find him a couple of shirts and two or three neckties of just the kind he likes best."

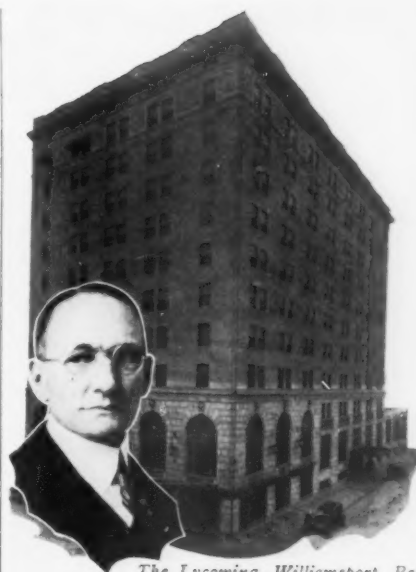
"Well," she defended. "What would any child in the family think of us if we didn't bring back any presents?"

The Farnsworths went to the Rotary convention and thence to the kindly summer climate of a New England coast town. Almanzar, at the San Sebastian, became a waiter.

IN earlier youth, he had for a time served at one of the hotels as a bus-boy, and his work, as he began to get the hang of it again, was sufficiently competent so he did not lose the job, which was more than could be said of one other young colored man who, on the very first day Almanzar was there, was caught by an assistant manager in the act of abstracting and eating morsels of food from an unserved luncheon. The pilferer left the hotel precipitately, and Mr. McFarlane, the assistant manager, delivered himself of a heated ultimatum that he would fire every boy he caught doing that, even if the boy were the very best waiter in the establishment.

Almanzar was much impressed by this incident. He had been thinking that out of the food he handled he could perhaps save the cost of at least one meal a day. He now virtuously decided that this would be a very sinful thing to do.

That night, his work at the San Sebastian finished, he headed for choir rehearsal. Passing through the heart of the big negro quarter, he gritted his teeth impotently at the sight of Maurine Clickett making ecstatically smiling small-talk to Gideon Stupps as they entered Gaines' Palace Theatre. And then, barely twenty minutes later, he forgot Maurine and well-nigh forgot



The Lycoming, Williamsport, Pa.

\$300,000 From Tourists in 1925!

"The value of The Lycoming Hotel to Williamsport can definitely be measured in dollars and cents. Tourists alone, last year brought us \$300,000 of outside money because of our excellent hotel facilities" says Wm. S. Millener, Sec'y. of the Williamsport, Pa., Chamber of Commerce, whose portrait appears above.

Of course The Lycoming, one of Pennsylvania's most favorably known hotels, was Hockenbury financed.

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THE FINANCIALIST, a journal of community hotel financing, will be sent gratis to inquiring Rotarians. Ask that your name be placed on complimentary Rotarian list "R-5"—no obligations are entailed! It may mean a modern hotel for your city!

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Gideon, for the choirmaster introduced a vivacious brown girl of about twenty years as Miss Elberta Wash, newcomer to the city from Dallas, who was about to affiliate herself with the A. M. E. Zion Church, and already had united with the choir.

Almanzar found the place for Miss Wash in her hymnbook, warbled his tenor during the rehearsal principally to her, and when the choir was dismissed strolled homeward with her, buying ice-cream soda *en route*, and sat in the moonlight on the front gallery of the little house her father had rented.

In the course of making dates with her for all the evenings off he could possibly have for a week by the most optimistic estimate, he delightedly learned that in Dallas she had been an active member of the United and Amalgamated Order of Benevolent Commanders and Ladies, and, being "wholly financial," proposed, at the next meeting, to present her credentials to the local lodge.

He regretted, of course, that she would not see him there in all the panoply and circumstance that attached to being Supreme Grand King, but that office and the bullet-headed gambling man who was to be inducted into it at the coming meeting were naturally not referred to in their conversation.

In the perfervid rushing of Elberta which followed, it often came gratifyingly to Almanzar's mind that never had he won a girl more easily or found the problems of pleasing her more simple. If, once or twice, he uneasily recalled from past experience that with ladies, as with other property, easy come may mean easy go, he did not let it harass him unduly. Ever sufficient to the hour, with Almanzar, were the girls thereof.

But often, during this swift and hectic courtship, he wished he had the ten dollars which, due to his foolishness, were now—he hoped—being safely held by Orange Hamilton, but he not only did not have them but could not see the slightest chance of ever getting them.

AND then, following the second Rotary luncheon at which he served, came his great inspiration. In retrospect he was mildly surprised that it had not come to him before; on that very day after making the wager, when he had been thinking intensively of all the societies, secret or otherwise, that he had ever heard of, he had asked a question of Mrs. Farnsworth that was a vague groping toward it.

In President Farnsworth's absence, Mr. Sam Allen, the vice-president, was in charge of the meeting, and Mr. Sam Allen was a family friend of the Farnsworths, who with his wife had often

dined at their home and knew Almanzar well. As the members were finishing their dessert, lighting cigars and cigarettes and beginning to settle themselves for the after-luncheon program, a table-clearing duty bore Almanzar past the head table and Mr. Allen, coming back to his place after some errand to another part of the room, chanced to meet him and take a more comprehensive look than one usually does at waiters.

"Why, hello, Almanzar," he exclaimed cordially. "What are you doing here?"

"Workin', Mistuh Allen," Almanzar grinned. "Workin' ontwell Mistuh an' Miz Fahnswo'th come home. I'm still livin' out there an' takin' care of the yard while they is away."

"Say, what do you know about this!"

Mr. Allen called, good-naturedly, to the men nearest him, and all over the big ballroom, as the members saw the acting president on his feet and talking loudly, they fell silent to listen. "Look who's here! This is Fred Farnsworth's house-boy—I don't know how long Fred has had him; three or four years, anyway. There's Rotary spirit for you! Fred has to go away for the summer and he sends his boy to fill his classification for him."

The members were well fed, business was off their minds for the hour, and the usual spirit of informal good-fellowship was in the air. From a dozen places in the room came shouted retorts to the vice-president's announcement: "He doesn't look like Fred—a little too dark." "Is Sam introducing the first speaker of the day?" "Why don't you give up the chair to him, Sam?" "Call on him for a classification talk."

A man not far distant from Almanzar called to him: "It's only a couple of weeks now, big boy, before the semi-annual collection for the waiters. Do your stuff right, if you want us to loosen up proper. Service, not self."

If Almanzar's tray had not been empty at the moment, he probably would have dropped it from embarrassment, yet the experience on the whole was very agreeable; most of these white folks who were smiling at him were "quality," and he always felt at home with that kind. And, although he had not presumed to call himself to their attention and they had not happened to look closely enough at him to recognize him, there were in the room at least a dozen men whom, at one time or another, he had seen at the Farnsworth home.

He grinned back cheerfully at the company, and Mr. Allen dismissed him with a smiling, "All right, Almanzar. Be a good boy and don't break any more dishes than you have to."

Almanzar went about his business. He was most pleasantly aware, immedi-

ately, that he had achieved considerable prestige in the eyes of his fellow-waiters, most of whom had observed the incident; they jollied him under their breath but they gazed upon him with a new respect.

WHEN the Rotarians had gone and the tables were being taken down and put away, the waiters talking among themselves as they worked, a middle-aged black man, near Almanzar at the moment, asked:

"What 'at white man mean when he say if you do you' stuff we gets better remembered at the collection foh the waiters?"

Almanzar almost replied, "Jes' white folks' talk; jes' prankin'." But he saw that a lot of the other boys were listening and his passion for the lime-light made him say:

"Means he 'lows I ought to see that you-all gets familiar with one thing an' another what these white men likes, me bein' Mistuh Fahnswo'th's butler, an' so forth." It was Almanzar's invariable pose, among his own people, that his position in the Farnsworth household was butler, a thing that would have surprised and delighted Mr. and Mrs. Farnsworth if they had ever heard it. "Didn't you hear him slip me the motto? That means about the same as password does in cullud societies. 'Service, not self,' he says. Didn't you hear him?"

"It says that sometimes on they bill-of-fares, when they has 'em printed," another waiter put in. "Ezzac'ly whazat mean?"

And at that moment the great idea came.

"That," said Almanzar, importantly, "is usually explained only to members, but Mistuh Fahnswo'th dun 'lucidate it to me one day. An' you all heard that gen'leman tell me to do my stuff. I suggests we organize right here an' now the Cullud Rotary Club. Foh service."

"An' tips. That gen'leman specially said ef'n you did it they'd loosen up proper," the middle-aged waiter amended.

"What you mean, organize?" a young waiter asked. "Ain't got no authority, is you? Ain't got no charter or nothin'."

"S'pose we ain't," replied Almanzar. "We organizes, an' I jes' mentions it to some of these white gen'lemen what I know—most all of 'em is family friends of ours. An' they'll laugh—but the way I'll tell it they'll kind o' feel complimented. An' they'll scatter the news all round among theyselves, an' they'll say how we is strivin' to please, an' when that day comes when they gives the tips, they'll remember it an' do extra nice."

The middle-aged waiter, a man of

good standing and some leadership among them, nodded his head solemnly.

"At's so, Evarts," he agreed. "White folks is like 'at."

"But wait! Lissen me!" the objector insisted. "You has to have class'fications in Rotary Clubs, an' they all has to be diff'rent. We-all is waiters. Can't be no diff'rent class'fications with a lot o' waiters."

"What you mean, they can't? Almanzar disputed. "We all is got white folks, ain't we? Either white folks we works foh regular, like I does, or families we used to work foh, or our papas an' mamas used to work foh—families what we always calls on, Chris'mus an' birthdays. This is what we does: We each an' all of us takes the class'fications of our white folks."

He added, with his racial shrewd understanding of Caucasian psychology:

"That'll entertain these white Rotary gen'lemen all the more, when I slips the word to 'em. They'll make lots of jokes about it, an' when a white man makes jokes with cullud men he's right frequent gettin' ready to reach for a li'l change."

"Says truth," muttered the oldest waiter present. "Us doesn't have to pay no dues or 'sessments, does us?"

"Nossuh," Almanzar assured him. "We ain't got no burial benefits, or no sick benefits, or no charity collection foh the po' an' needy, or nothin'. This is one lodge where eve'ything's comin' in an' nothin' goin' out."

HE sensed that the moment following such a statement as this was peculiarly auspicious for bringing the matter to a head, which he did in the best manner of the presiding officer of the Fraternal Commanders and Ladies: "Well, brethren, what is you' pleasure?" "Move we does," an enthusiastic youth cried. "Move we be a cullud Rotary Club." Several seconded it, and Almanzar hastily put the motion. There were no dissenters.

"An' now," said the oldest waiter, "us has to 'lect officers. How many does us need? Who'll be president?" As seniority might well govern such a choice, he asked the latter question with hopeful receptivity.

"That's one officer we doesn't have to have no nominations for," Almanzar told them, endeavoring to speak casually and with becoming modesty. "We done decide already that we all takes the class'fications of our white folks, didn't we?"

There was a unanimous nodding of heads.

"The class'fication in the white Rotary Club of Mistuh Fred Fahnswo'th, where I've been butler foh most five years," said Almanzar, "is 'President.'"

"Sho' is," the oldest waiter agreed, dazedly.

"An' all them in favor of me bein'

The man who thought a buggy was good enough

IN THE old days, a solid, conservative citizen might sniff and tell you he didn't read advertising.

He didn't think so much of the horseless carriage, either. The telephone was newfangled, and an insult to the United States mails.

As for radio, aeroplanes, wireless photography—if they had been born then, he probably would have thought them a bit immoral.

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such says 'aye,'" Almanzar suggested. A clear majority did so, and none voted in the negative. "An' now," declared Almanzar, trying his best not to grin as broadly as he wanted to, "we will perceed to the election of a vice-president, a seccetary, an' a—what do they call that officer?—a sergeant-with-arms. We don't need no treasurer."

Two other waiters who also chanced to be members of the Fraternal Commanders and Ladies accompanied Almanzar to the lodge meeting, the following Monday night, to attest his claim to having won his wager with Gideon Stupps. Gideon was busy being pompously installed as Supreme Grand King with the other new officers, and this was the first time, except at a distance, that Almanzar had seen him since Rotary, in that city, gained added color. This circumstance was not displeasing to Almanzar; he had, indeed, done his successful best to bring it about. He was wishful that his first conversation with Gideon should take place in the presence of a multitude of witnesses, preferably including ladies.

He had, however, been much disturbed over his inability to see Elberta Wash in that interim, but there had been nightly banquets at the San Sebastian calling for extra waiters, he had even had to work all day and evening on Sunday, so that he had missed singing in the choir, and it seemed to him that life for those three or four days had been one procession of telephone calls explaining to Elberta why he could not keep appointments.

Uneasily he had more than once conceded to himself that this was dangerous. The attractively vivacious Elberta was not the sort of girl it was safe to neglect for long. But he could not help it; he had to stick to his job. It was comforting to bear in mind that the extra work was bringing him in extra money to spend with her—and also, presently, he was going to have, from the stakeholder, twenty additional crisp green dollars.

In the course of the lodge session it was formally announced that Sister Elberta Wash, having procured a demit from the Dallas lodge and being found, by the treasurer, to be wholly financial in standing, was an applicant for membership here. Her name was accepted, and she was brought in from the ante-room and introduced. Being thereupon seated with some formality in a part of the room where it was customary for new members to be conspicuously placed at their initial meeting, Almanzar had no opportunity for speech with her.

He observed with gratification, however, that she was so close to the treasurer's desk that she could hardly fail to overhear his claim to the Gideon Stupps wager, provided he made it

promptly and loudly enough after the meeting closed, and the new presiding officer's gavel had barely fallen when he stood before the treasurer, declaiming loudly.

"Brother Hamilton, you has a bet—twenty dollars—which I done made las' meetin' night with Brother Stupps, that I organizes me a new society in less'n a month an' gets elected president of it. I has done so an' I claims the money. These two brethren is witnesses."

GRAVELY Orange Hamilton looked over his spectacles—he always had to look either over or under them when he wanted to see anything—and said: "They may perceed to testify, Bruthuh Evarts. They may perceed to testify."

They did so. As they spoke, Almanzar noted that Elberta was looking in his direction and listening sharply, and also became conscious that Maurine Clickett was gratifyingly close at hand and that Gideon Stupps had elbowed his way through the quickly gathering crowd and was sneering. When the two waiters had borne their testimony as to the organization of the colored Rotary club, the treasurer turned to Gideon.

"An' whut says you, Brothuh Stupps?" he asked.

Expecting some futile protest, Almanzar was astonished when Gideon laughed loudly and recklessly.

"Pay it to him, ole-timer, an' see 'f I care!" he cried. His hand went into a trousers pocket and came out to wave jubilantly an awe-inspiring roll of banknotes that contained two hundred dollars if it contained five. "What I care foh pikah money! Me, I been specylatin' with bones what love li'l Gideon like a cou't-house lawyer love a ruckus. Give him his measly twenty dollars an' let him go pike some mo'."

Whereupon the treasurer solemnly did so. Yet somehow the incident had not come out as Almanzar had intended. He had expected the admiring glances of one and all to be turned upon him, and mostly they were fixed on Gideon.

Then, at his shoulder, a soft voice said:

"I congratulates you, 'Manzar. Where you been the last week or two? I ain't seen you a-tall."

Well, one triumph that he had dreamed of was coming true! He replied to her with lofty and exaggerated politeness.

"Why, howdy-do, Maurine," he said. "Is it as long as that since I seen you? I'd done forgotten—lots o' business on my mind, an' this new Rotary Club an' all. You'll excuse me foh not remainin' an' conversin with you, 'I trus'. I has a important engagement."

The angry, humiliated flash in her eyes was a joyous thing to see.

"Pernicketty, isn't you!" she exclaimed, and flounced away.

Grinning contentedly, he turned to see Elberta Wash—and saw her going out through the door, looking trustfully into the ardent eyes of Gideon Stupps, free-spending sport who had two hundred dollars.

Another one lost! Something had been going on these nights while he had been working that he hadn't heard about. That explained why Maurine had been so willing to take him back again. Well, he had always liked Maurine and it wasn't ever in his scheme of things not to have any girl. He hesitated, then turned to where she stood with a knot of friends, laughing too loudly. He eased his way into the group and came to her side.

"Sort of thinkin' it over, Maurine—" he began, but stopped as the lightnings of her eyes blasted him.

"Roll you' hoop, boy!" she exclaimed, so distinctly that everyone within twenty feet heard it. "Pikah is correct!"

SLOWLY moving homeward, Almanzar plotted revenge—on Elberta, on Maurine, on Gideon, but principally on Gideon. Even the feel of the banknotes in his pocket failed to bring him solace—what was the good of money with no girl to spend it on? He thought of many satisfactory ways to get square with all the trio, especially with the male member of it—not one of them in the slightest degree practical. His worry over the situation, even after he had undressed and got into bed, kept him awake for nearly five minutes.

He felt better, three or four days later, when news spread itself through the San Sebastian one forenoon by means of the ever-active negro underground that Gideon, wishful to crowd his luck, had on the preceding evening taken what was left of his two hundred dollars into the really big crap game at "Stoneface" Griffin's Afro-American gambling-house de luxe, and had come out in the early morning hours sans dollars, sans ring, sans stickpin, and sans watch.

Very good, but not perfect, because Almanzar himself had not had a share in bringing about Gideon's misfortune. He regretted this, but was enough a philosopher to be reasonably satisfied with the situation as it stood. That he could have engineered a personal revenge was probably too much to be hoped. Sufficient for moderate contentment was the thought that it would be at least another pay day before Gideon could either win ladies by squandering sinful wealth or detract attention from a worthy wager-winner

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Lou Nathan Suggests Personal Ap- pearance Should Measure Up to Rotary Standards

Lou Nathan rather agrees with the fable of remote and unknown antiquity that in the beginning the gods divided man into men that he might do a greater work, and that although a certain work is assigned the individual, if he is to attain complete realization of his power, he must at times lay down his own work and mingle with other workers.

"I like to associate this thought with regard to the coming Convention," says Lou. "Naturally one's interpretation is colored by one's work, and mine being the making of men's clothes, I venture to suggest that all Rotarians, who undoubtedly will be liberal with respect to the wife's wardrobe, see the necessity for visiting their local tailor and coming well dressed to the convention.

"Rotarians are supposed to represent the best in all things. Let us not, then, overlook personal appearance—and certainly we do not wish to be embarrassed by the dapper dress of the overseas contingent."—Adv.



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by referring to twenty dollars as piker money.

Meantime, Almanzar believed he stood a good chance of retrieving Elberta. If Gideon, securing another stake somewhere, did not make a sudden, spectacular and most unlikely winning, he felt sure of it.

This was Rotary day, and at noon, one of the expected extra waiters not having shown up at the hotel, Gideon was brought into the ballroom to assist with the club luncheon. Under the direction of a negro captain, the tables had been laid and each place provided with its first course, which was a shrimp cocktail. Outside the closed door a hum of voices advertised that the Rotarians were gathering in the lobby. The captain was temporarily called away.

Immediately Gideon, at a place in the room where Almanzar's eyes could see and his ears hear, went into gluttonous action.

One eye on the door through which the captain had disappeared, he began to eat—one shrimp out of each of the glasses at his table. He explained, to the nearest waiter, without shame as to his destitute condition: "Ain't had nothin' to eat today, excusin' a cup o' coffee this mawnin'. Ise as hongry as a preacher at a weddin'."

"Gets fired if you gets caught," the other man warned him.

"Sholy, but I doesn't get caught," boasted Gideon. "You never gets caught ef'n you got a system with science. Seven s'rumps in each dish—white men doesn't know that; white men doesn't never count 'em, don't know how many of this size they ought to be. One s'rimp missin' don't show. I doesn't take but one s'rimp out of each glass. Nobody ever miss that a-tall. Ef'n they thinks the order is a li'l brief they blames the hotel. Um-um! I sho' does admire s'rumps."

Almanzar's duty bore him through a door kitchenward, not the door through which the negro captain had disappeared, and ten paces away, coming rapidly toward him, was Mr. McFarlane, the assistant manager, who ought to have arrived through the other entrance.

RACIAL ethics demanded exactly one course of action. Regardless of his like or dislike of Gideon Stupps, he was expected to turn, re-enter the dining-room and speak a sharp word that would warn Gideon and every other waiter of the impending danger. Colored folks, in such a moment of peril, must stand together against white folks.

Almanzar half turned to go back and give the alarm. Then he stopped, stood stock still, let the assistant manager pass him, and went into the room on

the Caucasian's heels just in time to hear him call, authoritatively:

"That'll be all, you Gideon! No! Don't put that one back—eat it! Then get out! Now! You're through."

"Why—why—why, Mistuh McFarlane," stammered Gideon. "Don't say that, please suh. I been wukkin' in this hotel mos' two years."

"I don't care if you've worked here ever since it was built. I told you boys what would happen if I caught you stealing food. You're out. On your way!"

"Mistuh McFarlane, suh," Gideon whined. 'Ise busted, an' they ain't but a few days' pay comin' to me. An' how'm I gwine get me another waiter job?"

"You're not, if I can help it," the assistant manager snapped, and Gideon departed, dragging his feet miserably, while something within Almanzar's breast sang a gladsome song. Supreme Grand King, eh? Didn't care for piker money! Lucky that uppity gambling man would be now if, in the Fraternal Commanders and Ladies, he didn't get plumb unfinancial!

Mr. McFarlane, ordering that a waiter to take Gideon's place be summoned from one of the other rooms, went to open the door that would allow the Rotarians to enter, and Almanzar realized that at least a dozen of his dark-skinned colleagues had fixed reproachful and accusing eyes on his face.

"How come?" one of them demanded, the moment the assistant manager, busy with tickets at the door, could no longer hear. "You was there jes' outside the do' when he done arrive. You must a' see him comin' in time; couldn't help it. You didn't give nobody no warnin'. How come?"

Almanzar replied unhesitatingly and with the voice of both vested authority and conscious rectitude.

"I couldn't," he declared. "I hated not to holler, but it would 'a' been against all the rules an' regulations of our order. As you' president, an' representin' you-all, I jes' natchully had to let that triffin' Stupps man get what he got. He was violatin' the first principles of our Rotary Club. Yassuh. He was bustin' our password wide open; them white gen'lemen wouldn't never loosen up like you hopes if we allows that. Nossuh. An' eve'y one of them s'rumps he et he busted that password some more."

"How?" a waiter hurriedly asked, for the Rotarians were now swarming in and taking their seats. 'How'd he bust it?"

"Them s'rumps," Almanzar told all colored men within the sound of his voice, impressively. "Them s'rumps was foh service, not self."

Unusual Stories of Unusual Men

(Continued from page 27)

which the store was destroyed, Mr. Gaynor succeeded in bringing about the separation of the retail and wholesale business. He took the wholesale interest and with a young man named Bagstad, formed the Gaynor-Bagstad Co.

While still a salesman on the road, he persuaded the firm to take out a membership in the Chamber of Commerce and took advantage of the membership himself to attend the meetings. He joined the Chamber in 1912 and the Rotary Club in 1912. Both organizations inspired him to a life devoted to community activity.

He has been an officer of practically every organization, civic, trade or fraternal that he has ever been associated with. He has been a director of the Sioux City Boat Club, of the Bureau of Social Agencies; of the Wall Street Mission; of the City Planning Commission, and other organizations; Vice President of the Chamber of Commerce; President of the local Boy Scouts. He was one of the promoters of the Junior Chamber of Commerce, and was the first chairman of the Executive Committee. He is a Lieutenant-Colonel in the Officers Reserve Corps, and a past president of the American Surgical Trade Association, being the only man to serve two consecutive terms of that organization.

He wrote and put through the methods of correct business practice of the American Surgical Trade Association. He organized and headed the Mid-West Surgical Trade organization. He was one of the organizers, and is a director

of the Sioux City Building & Loan Association.

In fraternal organizations he is prominent in Masonic work, belonging to all bodies and having attained the height of Knight Commander of the Court of Honor of the Scottish Rite Bodies.

He is now beginning his second term as president of the Interstate Fair. His first work with the fair was that of director of the Boys and Girls Club Work. His earnest work there won him the presidency of the Association in a short time.

With all this he has time for home life and recreation. At home he is just a kind father, a good husband, and a cheerful talker. No one has yet been found who has known Mr. Gaynor when he was discouraged or too busy for a kind word. His office is a constant reception with friends and people whom he has helped or given encouragement. In addition, he has his fingers on every angle of his wholesale business and knows personally nearly every customer on his list.

Those who have no time for civic affairs, for church, for voting, for amusements, for recreation and for study, should study Mr. Gaynor, who has made a success in business and yet is never too busy to help in any civic undertaking. We are yet to find a man who has ever heard Mr. Gaynor discourage a proposition that had even a mite of value. His business is not with the masses, but with a highly educated class of people—doctors and dentists. What he does cannot be considered playing to the public, because he is not dealing with the public directly.

"Boosters" and "Knockers"

(Continued from page 15)

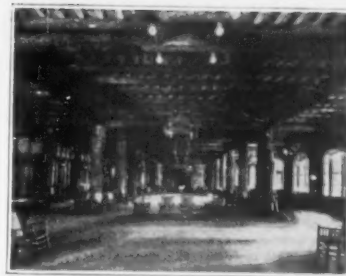
to do anything they are asked to do, and then study up ways of putting the blame on others. In other words, the booster can do nothing but "boost" and that gives the critics their chance.

The truth is, that if we will learn the lessons Rotary is trying to teach us, we will do our part in the community, will be a good citizen, and will not need to advertise Rotary at all.

If you think the purpose of Rotary is to be a "town booster" you are not reading its objects in the same way some of the rest of us are. If you

spend your time shouting "Boost our town," and think that is the sum total of Rotary, then you are the fellow the critic is shooting at. In our club the fellows who want to do this "boosting," don't want to do anything else. They want to talk, but that is all.

We try to make our meetings as pleasant and as enjoyable as possible; we try to have good talkers and entertainers, and surround ourselves with an atmosphere of friendliness and good cheer so that everybody will enjoy himself. We josh the fellow who takes



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FRANK C. CLARK, Times Bldg., New York

himself and his affairs too seriously; we mix with the shy and quiet chap, and attempt to overcome his embarrassment. We send them away with a little more of honesty, simplicity, kindness, friendliness, and courage in their hearts, knowing that these virtues will be reflected in their actions toward everybody with whom they come into contact. We know that when the leader in a business or profession has an attitude of this kind toward his customers or clients, his competitors are forced to adopt the same attitude; that the contagion of his smile and his willingness to serve will be caught by others, and that the community will be greatly benefited.

Naturally the members will be chari-

table toward the poor and the unfortunate; will take care of crippled children and other unfortunate; will vote for the general good even though it does not benefit them individually, if they are inspired by the lessons of Rotary as we understand them, but Rotary clubs will be respected in the community far more if they let Chamber of Commerce work alone, stay out of politics, and let political subjects alone. If other organizations want you to help them "put something over" shy away from it like you would from smallpox, for that is the thing that gets clubs into trouble and provides the sarcastic journalists with good ammunition.

"Shift Gears!"

(Continued from page 17)

seems to me to be tempting this Providence a little too far. Much the more sensible thing to do is to shift gears on an unknown grade. There are many grades from one to three miles in length in the Rockies and elsewhere, and if you are traveling the road for the first time you can never be sure either of the steepness or length. Occasionally a very steep grade will be marked at the top by a sign something like this—

STEEP GRADE SHIFT DOWN TO LOW GEAR

But only a few grades are thus marked. Probably that is because the highway departments feel that nobody pays any attention to the signs anyway, and that the cost of their erection is wasted.

Shift down to second at the top of an unknown grade; unless it looks very steep—then go down to low. Close the throttle and let the compression of the engine hold the car. Do not cut off the ignition. That only allows raw gasoline to dilute the oil in the crank case, and causes unexploded gasoline vapor to collect in the muffler. Many a bursted muffler results from such procedure. If the grade isn't steep enough to carry the car along at nearly the maximum speed of the gear used, shift to the next higher. But if there is any doubt in your mind, it is better to go down a little too slowly than much too fast—or to run the risk of burned brake bands or worse.

Many mountain roads are full of rather sharp curves. Stay on your own

side of the road on a turn. Indeed, stay a little farther to your side than may be absolutely necessary. You may meet one of the "boobs" on that corner who will not be on his side of the road. Many drivers feel that to shift gears going either up or down a hill is a sign of weakness. (If it is at all necessary, it is pretty patently a sign of mental weakness not to do so.) Accordingly they undertake to negotiate all hills in high gear. In order to do that they must "rush" all the curves. If you happen to meet one of these potential murderers on a curve, it is to your decided advantage to be well on your side of the road.

I AM afraid I will create the impression that mountain driving is a terrifying, almost deadly, thing. That is farthest from my thoughts, and that impression is decidedly unfair and untrue. I would feel very sorry indeed if anything set down here would influence any member of Rotary to leave his car behind him if he now plans to bring it with him to the Denver Convention in June, or would prevent any visitor from enjoying the mountain drives to the utmost. For the careful driver there are, so far as I know, no passable roads in the Rockies which are really dangerous. And so many of these roads are so broad and safe, and lead to and go through so much of natural beauty and delight, that not to follow some of them is to miss very, very much. These roads are nearly all gravel-surfaced, so that even in the occasional wet weather

they are not slippery. On some of the sharp curves mirrors are provided which show the approach of any cars on the other side of the turn. Indeed, every precaution has been taken to make the roads safe even for the careless driver. I am only endeavoring to point out forcefully a few essential rules for the driver unused to the mountains. I have already mentioned the most imperative.

For the most venturesome driver, who likes to explore the less-traveled parts of the mountains, one or two others occur to me. A very few of the less-used roads are one-way roads, with turn-outs at convenient intervals. On such a road, watch it as far as you can see it. If you see another car approaching, turn off and stop at the first turn-out, no matter whether you have the right-of-way or not. When it is contested, however, the right-of-way on such a road belongs to the driver coming up grade.

If you carry baggage on the running board see that it doesn't project beyond the edge. Sometimes the clearance when cars pass is comparatively small. Baggage cannot sideswipe another car if it is on the outside or right running board. If you camp in the mountains, burn your rubbish, put out your fire with water if possible; otherwise with dirt. And don't pollute the streams.

He Saved Others

(Continued from page 23)

ered. For a night and day the telegraph and telephone had been busy. All that morning the railroad and highway had been bringing old students and alumni. They were gathered about the little arbor on the campus, seated on the grass, hundreds of them—here where so often Professor Barnes had heard his classes on warm spring days. They were silent, stilled with sorrow, but in their faces was a trace of bitterness for they, too, had heard something of rumor and surmise.

The last to come were silent. From the arbor hidden deep beneath flowers, masses and masses of them, an organ breathed softly, peace, comfort as no words could do.

Then from a phonograph hidden in the flowers came a voice, his voice—real—startling in its naturalness, with the clear beauty and sympathetic interpretation which had made his records familiar wherever English poetry was loved.

It began with Browning's strong voiced challenge to Death. At first the voice was filled with awe, something of the dread that comes to every

I have already mentioned the Berthoud Pass road. Every Colorado visitor should travel that road until he stands on the crest of the Continent at the top of the Pass, 11,306 feet above sea level. If he obeys the simple rules of mountain driving this road is safe enough for the most timid driver. And it leads through a picturesque and beautiful section to the very heart of the Rockies. The Warren G. Harding Memorial Highway, to the top of Mount Evans, more than 14,000 feet above the sea, is another equally safe and beautiful drive. This is said to be the highest automobile highway in the world. And then there are the beautiful drives and scenery of Estes-Rocky Mountain National Park, which every visitor should experience. There are many others as beautiful.

May I suggest, in the name of all that is beautiful, that you drive slowly so that you will not miss the real beauty? Don't be ashamed to pull out of the road and stop on the crest of a hill to get the view. Some thoughtless drivers, whose only aim in life is to "get there" may throw a look of disdain your way as they pass in a cloud of dust. But the loss is theirs.

There are many beautiful drives—too many to enumerate here. May you enjoy them all! You will if, when you are in doubt, you shift gears.

one who faces death with its mystery and pain and sorrow.

Fear death?—to feel the fog in my throat,

*The mist in my face,
When the snows begin, and the blasts denote*

*I am nearing the place,
The power of the night, the press of the storm,*

*The post of the foe;
Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a visible form.*

But then the tone changed to ringing strength, firm, unshaken; and every old student could see the tired shoulders snap erect and the eyes flash fire again:

*I was ever a fighter, so one fight more,
The best and the last.*

Ben Ames, mining engineer, who had raced across two states to come, was remembering these words as they had been spoken by the same voice years before. It was the last football rally of the year before the game with the state university. Captain Ames and every player knew they would be beaten. But Professor Barnes was speaking: "Don't be quitters, boys.

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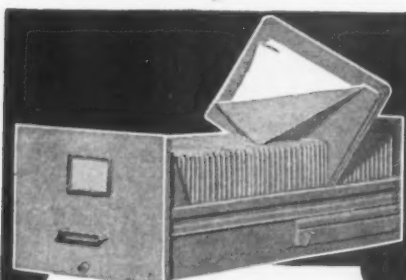
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*I was ever a fighter, so one fight more,
The best and the last.*

*I would hate if death bandaged my
eyes and forebore
And bade me creep past.*

So the voice swung on to the triumphant close.

Silence. Again: the tone changed from the ringing note of defiance and triumph to the quiet softness of gentle humility as it began the "Eternal Goodness" of Whittier. But among the older people there was a sudden stiffening of body and sternness of face. Was not this poem one which he had said was as inspired as the Psalms? And he was speaking directly to them:

*O Friends! with whom my feet have
trod*

*The quiet aisles of prayer,
Glad witness to your zeal for God
And love of man I bear.
But still my human hands are weak
To hold your iron creeds;*

*I walk with bare hushed feet the
ground*

*Ye tread with boldness shod;
I dare not fix with mete and bound
The love and power of God.*

IT was a voice only, a spirit speaking from the flowers, with no visible personality to recall or arouse antagonism. Its sincerity, its humility carried conviction. The stern tensility on the few faces slowly softened. It changed to wonder as they first felt the earnest honesty of his faith. Then a trace of doubt followed as if they might suddenly have lost their certain assurance of truth; then a shadow of fear that their condemnation of others might have been sometimes too severe.

For the voice was rising now out of its humble uncertainty to a radiant faith:

And so beside the Silent Sea

I wait the muffled oar;

*No harm from him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.*

I know not where His islands lift

Their fronded palms in air;

I only know I can not drift

Beyond His love and care.

And over the entire audience swept a new sense of faith and charity, a belief that the Supreme Mind understands and the Supreme Heart sympathizes with all men in their doubts and failures and aspirations.

Silence. Again: the calm, unwavering voice sensing the mystery of death but reaching on through to an intuitive hope and leaving no note of sorrow behind:

Sunset and evening star

And one clear call for me;

*And may there be no moaning of
the bar*

When I put out to sea.

A moment when the voice stopped, weighted with dread of the unknown:

Sunset and evening bell,

And after that the dark;

But the serene faith conquered again:

*But may there be no sadness of
farewell*

When I embark.

*For though from out our bourne of
time and place*

The tide may bear me far,

*I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.*

With the last words a unity of understanding, of confidence in the life that was still speaking broke down all prejudice in one group and all bitterness in the other, lifted all faces in a glad common rejoicing and a shared sorrow.

The organ again, softly, gently, strange strains for such a time, the music of the college anthem. The verse closed, the key was struck again, but no one could trust his voice to lead. Again it was played and then clear, unshaken, the voice of his wife rose and carried firm until one by one the rest joined in the exultant chorus:

*Then lifted high against the sky
Our pledge to truth and honor,
Our love of God, our faith in man
Emblazoned in her banner.*

That night President Twining waited alone in his study, his face drawn, aged. The minister entered and sat, bowed. The banker came in.

Then the president spoke: "I asked you to meet me here tonight because—because we three have killed the noblest man I shall ever know."

Still bowed, the minister prayed: "O God, be merciful to me, a sinner."

The President turned to the banker: "Here is a recommendation which I shall make to the college board tomorrow, that your gift with the limitation you place upon the institution shall not be accepted. And here, to submit with it, is my resignation as president."

The banker reached over and took the resignation from the desk. Deliberately but without hesitation he tore it into two.

"What do you mean?" asked President Twining.

With a new humility in his voice the banker answered: "My gift is made without any conditions."

The minister raised a face lighted with understanding: "He saved others, himself he could not save."

Helping First Offenders

(Continued from page 26)

But at the state reformatory there were some seven hundred young men, from eighteen to twenty-five years of age who presented a different problem. They were all first offenders. They were young and in most instances had no inherently bad tendencies but simply had slipped from the straight path, through moral weakness and bad company.

For years the state has required that before it would release a man from the reformatory he must have a job that offered steady employment. The state insisted that he should not drink or gamble and that he must go to church with some regularity and keep away from bad companions or from places where unsavory companionships might be established. Then the state stopped. If these conditions were fulfilled the state was satisfied.

Judge Hutchison sought to remedy this. The state possibly could not take a greater interest in the young man than the letter of the law, but Judge Hutchison knew that something else was required to steady the young man and help him in the particularly thorny path that he must necessarily follow after his release upon parole.

Early last summer Judge Hutchison began the development of his plan. He wrote a letter to the president of every Rotary, Kiwanis, Co-operative, Lions, Civitan, and Optimist club in Kansas, more than one hundred of them, and asked if each club would help. This is what Judge Hutchison said:

"You and your club are naturally interested in the saving of any young man as an asset to citizenship. If a young man who has slipped once has received sufficient punishment and has started out again in the world he needs some one to help him maintain such a course which is usually very difficult unless he receives encouragement.

"The greatest encouragement any young man can receive, whether suffering from humiliation or otherwise, is the friendly touch and occasional companionship of a worth-while citizen who manifests an interest in him and is willing to counsel and advise with him on matters of an all-important character to him.

"Each of these paroled prisoners is expected to have a sponsor who will be wholly responsible to the state for the boy. It is not that degree of responsibility that is needed from the members of your club. We want to make them big brothers for these boys. It carries with it no obligation but it is just what you or I would want some one to do for a boy of our families if we were so unfortunate as to have one in the

same position as one of these paroled boys."

Each boy, when paroled from the reformatory, must have a sponsor and a job. But in addition Judge Hutchison wanted each boy to have a big brother, or maybe two or three of them. The big brother was not expected to take the paroled boy into his home or his office or his business. That was the job of the sponsor to whom the state looked for the fulfillment of the parole contract.

But this big brother was to be a chap who would give the paroled boy a handshake and a friendly greeting when they met on the street. He is the man who would take the paroled boy out to lunch once in a while, who was not ashamed to be seen in public with him. He is the one that the boy could come to to talk things over, to advise with and consult about any and all sorts of problems which confronted the boy in a most difficult position socially and at a period in his life when a step would mar or make him.

JUDGE HUTCHISON wanted the sort of big brother who, if the paroled man and the big brother both liked baseball they could go together. Or maybe they would go fishing together, or maybe—they would just sit in easy chairs somewhere and smoke their pipes and just talk about things that interested them. He wanted big brothers who would lend books and talk about them, who would take a little time and pains to get acquainted with the friends his "ward" was making and who would direct these acquaintances to some extent. The business or professional man could make it much easier for the paroled man to enter places where the young man might think he was unwelcome.

Above all it was desired that the business and professional men should be just friends with the paroled man, but an active and interested friend in the personal welfare of the ward.

Every single Rotary club in the state that was fully organized at the time the letter went out agreed to take a hand in the work. Practically every other civic club in Kansas was just as prompt in accepting the challenge of Judge Hutchinson for this bit of personal service, something that could not be done by an organization but must be done by individuals.

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under the tutelage of 108 clubs in the state. Not a single boy has been returned to the reformatory for violating his parole. The other day Judge Hutchinson received a letter from the president of one of the Rotary clubs.

"The boy you sent us slipped a little the other day," said the letter. "But we have him on the right track again and going strong. You need not worry about him."

That's what the whole idea is all about. That boy had an official sponsor who had to see to it that he had a job. But that boy didn't have any brother who would help him go straight. If it had not been for the two members of a Rotary club in the little town who took a personal and individual interest in that boy, the lad would now be back in the reformatory, a parole violator and with a charge of another crime hanging over him. For some it is so much easier to take the easiest way. The big brothers of the civic clubs are the thorns along the path of the easiest way that will bump, prod, and prick the wandering boy and send him back into the straight and narrow path.

Rotary does not and should not claim the larger share of credit for this effort. It is made available to every service club in Kansas and none that was fully functioning has faltered or side-stepped. It is a service that can be given in every state in the United States and may even be applicable in other countries. It is the service club idea in its most active form in terms of individual service.

The work is just fairly well under way now. Two or three members of each club are assigned to each of the paroled boys as they are returned to their home towns so that at least one of these men will be more or less in constant touch with the lad. In his annual report to the governor Judge Hutchinson wrote:

"We now have a committee from the civic clubs in every town where there is a club for each of the paroled prisoners from the reformatory to act as big brothers in a friendly and companionable way, not to be officially responsible or to assume any obligation of any kind or character but to show to each of the paroled boys in their respective vicinities such friendship as will encourage them to make good. The response to these requests have been most encouraging and already we have a number of instances which show the helpfulness of the plan and the way the boys appreciate the friendly relationship of these successful men in the business and professional world. In a few counties there were no clubs and the county attorneys have been asked to select three business and professional men for each paroled boy; and in counties where there is more than one club, each club names one or more members to act on the committee for each of the paroled boys. Not one club in the state has declined to co-operate along these lines and the paroled boys are expressing their delight with the proffered friendship of these busy and successful men of the communities."

Statement of Ownership, Management, Circulation, Etc.

REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912,
Of THE ROTARIAN, published monthly at Chicago,
Illinois, for April, 1926.

State of Illinois } ss.
County of Cook }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Chesley R. Perry, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor and Business Manager of THE ROTARIAN and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher: Rotary International, 221 E. 20th Street, Chicago, Illinois.

Editor: Chesley R. Perry, 221 E. 20th Street, Chicago, Illinois.

Managing Editor: Emerson Gause, 221 E. 20th Street, Chicago, Illinois.

Business Manager: Chesley R. Perry, 221 E. 20th Street, Chicago, Ill.

2. That the owner is: (If the publication is owned by an individual his name and address, or if owned by more than one individual the name and address of each, should be given below; if the publication is owned by a corporation the name of the corporation and the names and addresses of the stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of the total amount of stock should be given); Rotary International, an Illinois Corporation not organized

for pecuniary profit; no capital stock and no stockholders; Donald A. Adams, President, New Haven, Conn.; Chesley R. Perry, Secretary, Chicago, Illinois; Rufus F. Chapin, Treasurer, Chicago, Illinois.

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5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is: (This information is required from daily publications only.)

(Signed) CHESLEY R. PERRY.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 26th day of March, 1926.

(Seal) (Signed) WALTER B. KESTER.

My commission expires February 1, 1929.

Among Our Letters

(Continued from page 29)

after with the same painstaking thoroughness by our employees as if we were there. Few of us as a matter of fact would leave our offices if we could not put that element of dependency upon the people that are working for us, and yet how few of us have ever given that expected functioning of an institution a caption under the general expression of "Loyalty"?

You are suddenly called away from your business to go out of town, bidding "goodbye" to your family, feeling certain that they will be looked after during the interval of your absence, but do you leave your office or factory with the same freedom of thought of the possibilities that it may go to "pot" during your absence?

A little reflection along this line, under the urge of the necessity of your departure; yes, but many of us trust to luck that the organization will hold together until we return. Again you are trusting the word "Loyalty" to perform its function in your absence. Many are apt to call the continuous operation when your supervision has been temporarily removed, "good management." If it is "good management," I would like to paraphrase this as equivalent to the expression of "sound loyalty." They are synonymous.

We could go on indefinitely, in order to draw up before you many phases of our daily business routine that could well be embodied into these ramblings, but is it not true that in our analysis up to this point we have unconsciously taken for granted the operation of this oneway avenue only? A rather one-sided Loyalty, isn't it? Always from the men and women who work for you, whether or not you are there.

What have we done, what has the average employer done to deserve all this consideration, to deserve all this freedom of worry, to make possible the smooth operation of this institution? Some of us may be inclined to say, "Well, we pay them for this work, and pay captains or foremen to perform their duties, and to help coordinate the various departments into a reliable whole,"—yet, after all, isn't it a very narrow viewpoint when analyzed? How far beyond the pay envelope should the

many expressions of Loyalty of this one-sided sort go? Can this Loyalty be bought through an employee's weekly stipend or monthly pay check? I say, "No." The Loyalty of many an employee has led unto death.

It is true that in recent years quite a little has been done to reciprocate as it were, through group insurance and welfare work of one kind or another, and yet into how few of the many institutions of the United States or any other country, has this law of Reciprocal Loyalty become operative? Profit-sharing plans of many different varieties have been suggested, and have been adopted in many institutions. The vast majority of them, however, have been rejected, because of one fault or another. A great many make the statement that they are ideal in their operation, providing there are profits to divide. But what of the plan in years when there are no profits, or where there are deficits to be absorbed?

Reciprocal Loyalty, not only from employee to employer, but from employer to employee, based upon fair play in all its details, will help over those years with equal ease. That has also been proven.

What a sense of sound safety rests in the mind of that employer who can truthfully say that "I have a bunch of loyal men and women working for me." Would it not be an ideal situation if the vast mass of working people could turn to all employers of labor and say with the same sound assurance in their mind that "It is a loyal man I am working for,—loyal in his interests, but loyal to my interests in equal fairness."

This is not a Utopian idea that I wish to spread before you. It is sound logic. A one-way avenue, (one-sided loyalty), in any endeavor leads to ultimate dissatisfaction.

Reciprocal Loyalty will have as its goal a more complete understanding of the Golden Rule that governs employer and employee alike.

Much must yet be done, in this respect, and perhaps it is not amiss to bring before you this principle of "One-sided Loyalty" so often encountered, for a reflection in calmer moments.

RUDOLF P. THYMIAN,
Rotary Club of Seattle, Wash.

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**The Board of Trade and
the Symphony**

(Continued from page 8)

of students and doesn't soil up the place with soot.

It is a perfectly practical problem, if we wish to look at it in that light. Two or three years ago, when some question arose about quarters for the great Philadelphia Orchestra, business men of the city came voluntarily to the front and testified that they deemed the mere presence of Director Stokowski to be worth a million dollars a year. Take Minneapolis. Here are these hideous streets in one part of the city where live the worst paid of the working population. How depressing! How repulsive! Surely, here is no asset to any ambitious community. You pass on for a few blocks. Here is rising one of the most magnificent auditoriums in the world, beautiful enough and costly enough to adorn any great capital, a marvelous structure built by the city under the initial urge to find a place to house its orchestra. Walk on, now, a little farther. Here is this tasteful bright new building, occupied from ground floor to roof by a school of music having all departments—organ, piano, all instruments, ensemble playing, vocal music. Here are other schools nearly as imposing. Whence are these? Thirty years ago, Mr. Oberhoffer, in the face of much discouragement, launched the grand orchestra that Theodore Thomas by repeated visits to Minneapolis had made possible. Today it is one of the ten great orchestras of the world, it has made Minneapolis musically famous, made it the musical center of all the Northwest, drawn to it students from twenty states, created in its people a taste for the noblest in music that amounts almost to a passion. I remember when Moskowski's "Serenade" represented the topmost reach of the Minneapolis taste. Now there is no community better informed, more discriminating, more liberal in its support of the best. Paderewski has gone out of his way to testify to this statement; to see its truth one has only to watch the audiences. Music more than flour booms Minneapolis. In its public schools to-day are ninety students' orchestras. Go to one of the high schools of a morning; hear one of those orchestras play. You will learn a new respect for your country and a new faith in its artistic future. The grand orchestra has done this. Practically, now, which should the Board of Trade be

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bothering mostly about? Manufacturers? or Music?

I know of no other investment so safe and certain. When a city can win to the possession of great organizations like the symphony orchestras of Cleveland, of Detroit, of St. Louis (under the inspired leadership of Rudolph Ganz) of San Francisco and of Los Angeles, it has something of no doubtful or hazardous returns. The orchestra itself will be conducted at a deficit that the community must yearly make good, but every dollar thus expended comes back with 100 per cent dividends.

In these immediate profitable and always widening activities, Chicago still leads. The work that Mr. Thomas inaugurated, Mr. Stock carries on. The orchestra exists to spread the knowledge of music and the love thereof—both in these days and those that are to come. As an indication of what such things mean now in American life we may note again that in its regular season of twenty-eight successive weeks this orchestra gives two subscription concerts each week, Friday afternoon, Saturday night, fifty-six appearances. Then it plays on certain Tuesday nights extra concerts to accommodate those unable to secure admission to the regular performances. Next it plays on certain Thursday nights the workingmen's concerts to which I referred. Next it plays on certain Wednesday afternoons a series of concerts for school children. Next it plays on certain Tuesday afternoons a series of concerts at Mandell Hall, Chicago University. Then it makes excursions to Milwaukee, Aurora, and other adjacent places. Now it has gone to the Stock Yards. When the season ended it had appeared in public 140 or 150 times, with four rehearsals every week, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday mornings, and Mr. Stock at other times laboring with his pet institution, the Civic Orchestra for Young People.

The wage-workers' concerts come every third Thursday night. They are not called by that name but that is what they mean. The highest-priced ticket is fifty cents, which secures a seat in a box. Excellent locations can be had for fifteen cents and the bulk of the house goes for twenty and twenty-five cents a seat. To prevent the general public from taking advantage of these low rates, the tickets are not placed on sale but are distributed through factories and railroad shops.

In making the program for these concerts, Mr. Stock has pursued the one considered plan of playing nothing that is not classical and yet choosing compositions that will equally attract, de-

light, and instruct a man weary from his day's work. If a number is not self-explanatory, he will preface it with a talk in which he furnishes an exegesis and guide. For this he has a happy knack, talking in the easiest and most cordial way, man-to-man fashion, not from the heights. The audiences these Thursday nights have another advantage over the others. They can have encores. If they particularly like a number Mr. Stock will play it twice or three times and point out in his talk what it is in the piece that charmed the hearers. Sometimes instead of repeating a number he will play something else, advising them to note the similarities and contrasts.

HE came to the founding of his Civic Orchestra through often wondering where, as the orchestra developed and multiplied in America, it was to turn for its players. Originally, our orchestral musicians were imported, often at a high price, and hard to keep when they got here. In the old days I have known a violinist brought at a heart-breaking cost from Germany to try to jump his contract the second week. The law that came to forbid the importation of contract labor worked to interfere with our player supply abroad without providing any other source. Troubles of another kind arose when the war broke, and representatives of warring nations had to play side by side. Some phases of this difficulty had better be left undescribed now, but they were real in their time—and ugly. It was obvious that America ought to develop its own ensemble players. Mr. Stock has inherited Mr. Thomas' unlimited faith in the resources of America. He started the Civic Orchestra to bring out the talent for ensemble playing that he felt to be latent in American young people. It is in fact an orchestral school. He wanted a measure of public support to make it workable. Chicago will deny him nothing. He secured all the funds he needed to make his dream a reality.

In Chicago now any young man or young woman that plays a possible instrument and feels an urge to play it in an orchestra can go to Mr. Stock, or one of his assistants, get a hearing and on any showing of merit or promise have a chance in the Civic. There, under the careful, not to say anxious tutelage of Mr. Stock and his chief assistant, Eric De Lamar, the neophyte begins to learn what an orchestra really means.

About half the players are women—or girls. Some of the girls are still in their teens, some of the boys are scarce out of knickerbockers. Even the first year's result brought out enough

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Two excellent publications in the Spanish language. La Nota Rotaria is the publication of the clubs in Cuba and Rotary is the publication of the clubs in Spain.

Il Rotary

This is the publication of the Rotary clubs in Italy, and for any one reading Italian, this will prove to be a very interesting publication.

Les Rotary Clubs de France

The publication of the Rotary clubs in the Republic of France and a magazine which will be found very interesting to those who are able to read French.

Many Rotarians have children who as part of their school work are studying French, Spanish or Italian. Why not subscribe for one or more of these publications and have the younger members of the family read it and translate it to you?

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While THE ROTARIAN is particularly the magazine of the Rotary Clubs in the United States, Canada and Newfoundland, there are many Rotarians in all the other 25 countries of Rotary who are subscribers to THE ROTARIAN. It would be a fine international courtesy for many Americans, Canadians or Newfoundlanders to subscribe to these other magazines.

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The advertising pages of these magazines afford opportunities for Americans, Canadians and others to place business advertisements. Inquiries regarding advertising in these publications may be sent to International Headquarters whence they will be forwarded to the respective publications.

talent to justify the experiment. As Mr. Volpe showed long ago in New York the lack of orchestra players in America is due chiefly to lack of opportunity. In Chicago, this, when it was supplied proved a talisman. One of its first revelations was a young woman that served as concert master (or concert mistress?) and developed for the most part an extraordinary capacity.

THE regular rehearsals of these interesting young people take place in the afternoon on the stage of the great Orchestra Hall, but if one were to wander about the building at almost any hour of a winter day he would find some of the Civic undergoing training. The wood-winds rehearse in the cloak-room, maybe; the violas on the stairs, and the brasses down cellar. The full rehearsal is a joy to any of music's disciples. Mr. De Lamarter usually conducts, Mr. Stock watches, members of the regular orchestra go about among the young players, correcting and encouraging. The Stock patience is abnormal, the famous Stock smile perennial. The whole thing is as far as can be imagined from the old traditional music-master style of doing these things. Nobody is bawled at, nobody berated; the instructors try to help without humiliating. One afternoon when I was there they were rehearsing the Peer Gynt suite. One cadenza seemed bedeviled; they could not get it down to its bearings. After each attempt, "Now we'll try that again," says the imperturbable and ever-smiling Stock. "This way," and he hums the air as he wishes it played, "rum, tum, tiddy, te to tum." The young concert mistress plays it on her violin to illustrate. So they try it again. Still it is unconquered. A youth among the second violins is a conspicuous offender. A veteran of the parent organization glides down upon him, takes the instrument quietly from his hands and shows him how the passage should be played. The next time he gets it correctly. So do the rest.

The Rieni overtone was one of the achievements of that year. They worked at it through many tribulations, but to compare their beginnings with their finished product!—well, that routed pessimism! Five times a year, on Sunday afternoons, Mr. Stock shows to the world at Orchestra Hall the results of his labor by putting his pupils on dress parade in a full concert. They have not failed so far to fill with delight a large and discriminating audience. It is a reasonable pleasure; the girls in their teens and the boys just out of knickerbockers attain to a tonality astonishingly good and play as if for their lives. Sometimes the able and experienced percussion artist that has

been in the parent orchestra since the days of Theodore Thomas is on hand to help with the drums if need should be, but seldom has anything to do. Once I saw the regular performer on the tuba taking the more difficult passages in the Rieni, but the young people did all the rest, the talented concert mistress playing with a purity and sweetness of tone delicious to hear.

The success of the Civic orchestra goes beyond the playing of good concerts. It has demonstrated its real business by supplying so far twenty-eight players to the grand orchestras of other cities, besides its graduates in the parent organization. Boston, Detroit and New York have come to it for recruits. It is already the training school its founder hoped for and when its example shall be followed in other cities there will be no more problems of player supply.

The organization that backs these efforts, called the Chicago Civic Orchestra Association, pays to the young players a small fee for each rehearsal and a larger one for each concert; but the labors of the conductor and his assistants are of love and contributed to the cause of good music in America. Mr. Stock is devoted to this object, even to his own detriment. For several years he tried to foster American music by giving each season two programs exclusively of American composers. The painful fact is to be recorded that these two concerts were the worst attended of the year—alas! emphatically the worst. On every other occasion Orchestra Hall was filled to its capacity. When an American program was announced the people could not be hired to hear it. Those that still cling to the ancient fiction of an ardent and boastful American nationalism are invited to make note of this fact. In Chicago native skepticism of native talent was so pronounced that it finally drove Mr. Stock to abandon his amiable design. He still gives American music whenever he can, but sandwiches it in between so many *offskis* and *steins* that nobody notices it. Yet often those American evenings had produced new compositions of a sterling merit.

But the time to see Mr. Stock is at one of his Children's Concerts. They are the real thing; as a rule, no adult is admitted unless accompanied by children. The tickets, at a nominal price, similar to those for the wage-workers' concerts, are distributed through the public schools, where they have become an asset of value. At each concert, two hundred children are Mr. Stock's personal guests and sit on the stage with him. They are the children that in each public school have made the best records in their studies since the last concert. For these, places of eminence are

provided on the raised benches that were built for the choruses, immediately back of the players.

The whole thing is wittily and effectively planned. On each side of the proscenium arch are screens stretched high up, in full view of all. In the gallery are two magic lanterns. Mr. Stock approaches the first composition to be played by throwing on the screen portraits of the composer, and, if possible, other pictures connected with his story. Then he may take the chief instruments that will be heard in the piece, explain the nature and function of each and illustrate the sound it makes. Then he turns to the opus and tells, in a simple, interesting way, how it came to be written and what thought it expresses.

Mr. Thomas used to say that as soon as any one, musician or not, had mastered the principal theme of a symphony he had conquered the rest of it. Mr. Stock aims to make the symphony a universal possession. At his Children's Concerts he so plays and explains and lights up a movement of a symphony or parts of it, that no normal mind can escape its themes. When he comes to the first, he stops and has the tune of it, in the notes of the upper clef, thrown upon the screens. Then he has the orchestra play it and replay it until it is clearly fixed in every receptive mind. Then he has the children sing it or hum it, all of them together, then the balcony alone, the gallery alone, the lower house alone, then altogether. To facilitate the lesson he often has the theme thrown on the screen with words easy to sing. Once at one of these concerts that I by special dispensation was graciously allowed to attend, there was a Beethoven symphony being elucidated to more than 2,000 children and these were the words to which they were singing one of its themes:

My mother makes good apple pies, la, la, la!

She also makes good cherry pies, la, la, la!

THE children took this quite seriously, sang it with gusto, upstairs, downstairs, around and across, and I have no doubt that a thousand Chicago homes that night resounded with it, most of them being places where previously Beethoven had not so much as looked in at the window. It was by the back door and somewhat strangely attired that he entered now, but he was in and not likely to be thrown out.

When the first theme has been mastered, Mr. Stock goes ahead with the development passage, the episode and the rest of the canonical material, illustrating and enforcing, until he comes to the second theme. Then he repeats

his manoeuvres with the screen and the singing. When he is through with that movement every child in the audience has it pat and is ready for the next.

Music, manners, morals. More than 2,000 children were in that hall, just released from school and having a holiday. Children—those queerest creatures in nature, that have watch springs for nerves and india rubber for bodies. On such an occasion surely they must raise pandemonium. Not here. No one could wish and few have seen a better-behaved audience. No skylarking, no talking, no shuffling of feet; all sat silent. It was plain enough that all were interested. I saw not one of them whose mind seemed to wander from the work in hand. It seems impossible; it is literally true. A Chicago mother that has attended from the beginning all these concerts told me she had invariably noticed the same thing. The wonder of it dwindles when you have heard the hypnotic Stock with his explanations and stories. Anybody would be interested in them; and besides, there is the Stock smile and the Stock persuasion!

The influence of these concerts has spread through all the city. One of the direct tangible results has been this great increase in the number of young music students and these crowds flocking to the Loop schools of a Saturday. A stranger going in the same direction one morning notices the troop he has fallen in with and is curious enough to ask the street car conductor about it.

"Aw, it's that man, Stock," says the conductor. "He's making this town music mad. Nothing goes here now for a Christmas present for your kids but a fiddle, or anyway, a mouth organ."

Other things fall in, more pertinent to progress. Every public school has its orchestra. Music soothes the savage breast with others in Blue Island Avenue and Archer Road as much as in Sheridan Drive. The large strain of imported and all music-loving blood in Chicago—Italian, Bohemian, Hungarian, Jewish, German—accounts for much of the response. Not for all; the roster of the young Civics shows an always increasing number of native names. Opportunity it is, more than race, that counts. The fluent young concert mistress of the Civics has a name as American as Plymouth Rock.

Chicago is only an example. What has happened there is happening in all these other cities. They too have their children's concerts, their increasing music schools, and their always-spreading love and knowledge of music. The more the orchestra plays the more music enters into the life, joy, and business of the community. Once more as a purely practical question, which would you rather have in your town, Manufacturing or Music?



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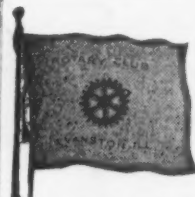
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Just Among Ourselves—
—And Who's Who in This Number

THERE are two articles scheduled for the June Number that should be of unusual interest to readers of this magazine. One of these features—of which announcement is made elsewhere—is the series of "reminiscences" by Paul P. Harris, founder of the first Rotary club and President Emeritus of Rotary International, the first install-

ment had ample opportunity to test his theories.

Millard Milburn Rice went to Colorado after his health had failed because of service with army flyers in Texas. "Shift Gears!" is something that is much more than simply useful information about mountain driving.

"Why Did You Accept?" is the pertinent question that Guy Gundaker, Past President of Rotary International, asks of club presidents. He goes on to tell what distinguishes a good administration and to indicate some of the best ways of securing one.

Herbert E. Harris is head of the Department of English at Whittier College, Whittier, Calif., and president of the Whittier Rotary Club.

Ralph Frost is Managing Director of G. Miles & Company, Ltd., of London, England, manufacturers of high-grade printing.

Raymond J. Knoeppel is a former district governor who believes that better business methods should be in evidence at the Rotary club before the members try to advocate them elsewhere.

Cecil Howes, who has something important to say about "Helping First Offenders," is secretary of the Rotary Club of Topeka, Kansas.

John E. Adams, the author of the sketch of Ralph Gaynor on our "Unusual Stories of Unusual Men" page, is assistant secretary of the Chamber of Commerce of Sioux City, Iowa.

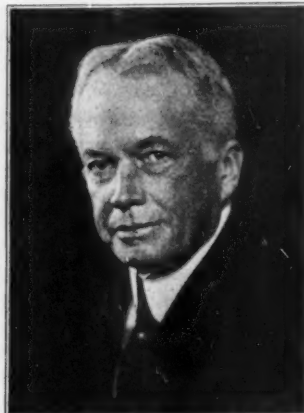


Photo: Underwood & Underwood

Charles Edward Russell—"The Board of Trade and the Symphony."

ment of which will appear in the June Number. The series will be illustrated with many early photographs.

The other is by a writer who is a great favorite of readers of THE ROTARIAN—but who has been "absent" for more than a year now—Ellis Parker Butler, who comes back in the June Number with an article that will appeal strongly to everyone—"Establish Your Average—Early."

**WHO'S WHO—AMONG OUR
CONTRIBUTORS**

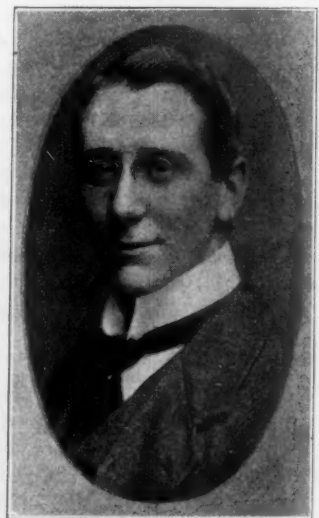
Charles Edward Russell of New York is a prominent Socialist. He has written several books on a variety of subjects, and his article on "The Board of Trade and the Symphony" shows still further the range of his interests.

Allen Street of Oklahoma City, Okla., is chairman of the Convention Committee. In "What's on the Program?" he gives you some idea of the extensive preparations being made for your convention in Denver in June.

J. Frank Davis is a former editor of the Boston *Traveler*, who has fifteen novels and more than a hundred short stories to his credit. He describes the Negro of the South with a humor that is never acid.

Walter M. Witherspoon is a lawyer of Fostoria, Ohio. His article on "Boosters and Knockers" presents another angle on the debatable question of Rotary's proper place in community service.

Peter Thomason, an iron and steel merchant of Manchester, England, discusses that much-abused thing, the public speech. Having served on many important committees of R. I. B. I., he has



Peter Thomason—"Unaccustomed as I Am."

Herbert J. Campbell is a newspaper publisher of Vancouver, Wash. His article on "Vancouver's Circus," may give some clubs a new idea for a novel entertainment.

H. O. Pippin is the author of the message of the Spirit of the West, presented as the frontispiece. He is county superintendent of schools and a member of the Dickinson, N. D., Rotary Club.



MOUNT TACOMA FROM TACOMA
View of the Business District from the roof of
the Hotel Winthrop

*This Is
An Invitation
to Rotarians
who attend the International
Convention of Rotary Clubs at Denver
in June, to
Extend Your Trip to Tacoma
Tacoma Rotarians*

From Denver— Come on to Tacoma!

Your trip to Denver brings you the opportunity you've doubtless long desired—of going to the Pacific Northwest, which Dr. Woods Hutchinson christened "The Charmed Land of the American Continent."

At Denver, you're well along the way. You're foot-loose and free to fare onward to the real West. And Tacoma, as the scenic center of the Northwest Wonderland, bids you make this your goal and your headquarters.

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A short day's run brings you to the beaches and surf of the broad Pacific. And at lesser distances are the roads that wind through cool forests of giant firs and cedars; dashing cascades and mountain streams; Puget Sound with its tree-lined shores; quiet lakes that dream among the fir-clad hills.

Tacoma itself, a city of 150,000, that yet retains the homelike atmosphere of lesser cities, offers you every accustomed comfort and convenience. Its great mills, its splendid harbor, its charming residence sections—these, too, will repay a visit.

And, brooding over all, that mighty mountain sentinel! You'll carry the memory and inspiration of it with you through many years. Plan to come. Write now for literature and fuller details.



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Whatever can be done to make your stay pleasant and interesting is being done. That it will be an inspiring visit is assured by the fact that this is a Rotary International convention at the foot of the Rocky Mountains.

The Gateway to the West has been flung wide open. "Come right in, folks, and stay as long as you like."

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Rotary Club



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